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COUNTRY LIFE

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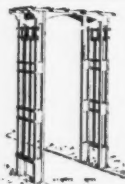
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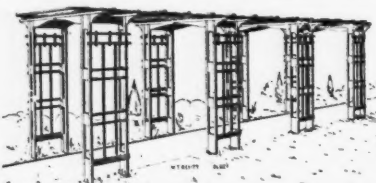
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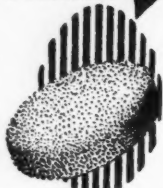
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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE POPLAR DOLE

LAST Saturday at the South-Western Police Court Thomas Fairhurst, a painter, of Henry Street, Battersea, appeared for refusing to maintain himself when able to do so. Evidence showed that the defendant was offered employment for four days as a painter at 1s. 11½d. per hour. He refused to accept it and three days later applied for relief. In response he received £2 17s. 6d., including a special Christmas allowance of 11s. from the guardians. The prosecuting solicitor pointed out that if the man had worked four days, he would have been paid 45s. The Magistrate made a comment that the man found it cheaper and more profitable to live on the ratepayers, and expressed the hope that such cases are not common and the opinion that the man was hardly to blame. He fined the defendant 21s. and said the temptation to get good pay for doing nothing is so strong that "I feel I ought not to send you to prison although the offence is a serious one." The report of this case should be read carefully by Mr. Lansbury, who has tried to defend the granting to a family of an allowance larger than the wages it is in the habit of receiving. The Magistrate probably thinks that those who grant such extravagant doles are more to blame than the men who prefer to have the dole without working than to work for their own keep. If that is so, we agree with him, but Mr. Lansbury is far from admitting anything of the kind. He has put together one of those plausible defences of official doles that are not unlikely to bring ruin on the whole community. He argues by analogy, saying that if a country keeps an army and a navy in peace time as well as in war time, they are doing

no more than the Poplar Guardians. He carries the argument still farther. "Even a horse or a machine is kept in good condition and repair, and why, in Heaven's name, should not a working man or working woman be kept in the same condition?"

In either case the analogy is utterly false. An army is maintained in case of war breaking out, but the individual soldier knows very well that he has in peace time to work moderately hard for such wages as he gets; and a sailor would be very much surprised indeed, if, because his ship was not fighting, his condition is supposed to be that of the out-of-works in Poplar. There is scarcely an hour in the day in which he has not something to do, and he would be of little use in war if he were not subjected to hard training during peace time. The analogy drawn between the working man and the animal or machine is just as weak. Presumably, the reference is to saleable animals and saleable machinery, and the owner of either keeps them up because otherwise he would not receive the same price for them. What is missed out by Mr. Lansbury is, however, of far more importance than what is put in. His talk of imperial and local assistance rests on the foundation that there are two funds which may be drawn upon to any possible extent. There is not one word in his statement which shows the shadow of an idea as to the straits to which the country is being reduced. There is an immense National Debt hanging on it like a burden, and, in addition, there are smaller national debts incurred by the local authorities. London itself has a debt of close on £100,000,000. Thus the extravagance of Mr. Lansbury and his fellow guardians is not that of taking from the rich to give to the poor, but borrowing money for purposes of charity. On his own admission money for nothing involves the "wholesale demoralisation" of those who receive it.

What we have a right to expect of Mr. Lansbury and others like him is that they should give careful consideration to the result that is likely to flow from their action. What does the phrase "wholesale demoralisation" mean? Surely, in the first place, it means a diminution of that power to help himself on which the fortune of every individual depends in the long run? Strong men and strong nations are not produced by coddling, but by hardship. How can these men compete with the natives of other countries, who are content to live on little and work far longer hours? They cannot do so. In the end, the man who has been taught by circumstances to keep his expenditure as low as possible, to do without when he cannot afford to buy, is certain to take the place of those who are coddled and upheld by any authority whatsoever. In the statement referred to there is no sign of any appreciation on the part of the writer of the dangers with which the country is faced. Warnings have come from all who think hardest, but they have been thrown away, just as the warnings about the on-coming of war were set aside and disbelieved till we were in the thick of it. At no time would it be sound policy to make the industrious keep the idle, and at the moment it is more than unwise, it is criminal. We would very much like to see Mr. Lansbury address himself frankly and boldly to this aspect of the question. He has many qualities that fit him to do so. Although we cannot agree with him, we believe him to be sincere. The Marxian doctrine which he puts forth is plausible, and the opinions expressed are such as well may win to the cause the willing ear; but all that does little to remove the storm-cloud which is now threatening the whole world and will bring ruin in its track unless there is a general union of heart and effort to deal wisely and honestly with the desolate condition in which the war has left every civilised nation.

Our Frontispiece

A NEW portrait of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke appears as our first full-page illustration this week. She is the only daughter of the second Earl of Lonsborough, and was married in 1917 to the Marquess of Carisbrooke, eldest son of T.R.H. Princess Beatrice and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. She has a little daughter born in 1920.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

THERE were striking passages in the reference to the work of the Economy Committee made by Sir Eric Geddes in his speech at a complimentary dinner to Sir Charles Higham on Saturday night. He described the difficulty of cutting down expenditure in words that could scarcely be bettered. "The last cut is the hardest. . . . When you passed the sap wood you came to the heart of the tree and that is the hardest part! Old builders occasionally stripped all the sap wood from the trees and used only the heart of the tree for the walls of the wooden houses." It is regrettable that the nation should be forced to economise in some of its most useful activities, but the unparalleled situation demands that remedies should be sought for in directions never before explored. After all the great wars of the past there came a time of depression, during which the country was rallying its forces for another move forward; but then it was usually one country against another or against a limited alliance. It was our misfortune to have to pass through a war in which the whole world was engaged and which left the whole world impoverished. That is an experience which has never before had to be faced.

GREAT BRITAIN is likely to suffer longer and more severely than any other country because her position is unique. Its peril has been often pointed out. In pre-war days the energy of the country was mostly directed towards industry, and agriculture, that is to say, the production of food, was neglected. We depended for our maintenance upon cheap imports. This could be done because our factories supplied the markets of the world, but the whole world has been impoverished, and urgently as foreign countries may need what can be supplied by Great Britain, they are not now in the position to buy. Hence it follows that a complete return to prosperity in Great Britain may turn out to be a slow process, as it depends upon the recovery of other countries. Further, it should be borne in mind that a great part of the world is pinched for food, and so, when the time comes for revenue to be a little greater than expenditure, the surplus will naturally be directed to the purchase of foodstuffs, which are the prime necessities of life. These cardinal facts must be fully taken into account in framing a permanent policy for this country. During the war, and necessarily for a period after its close, a hand-to-mouth policy was the only one that could be pursued. That is to say, the difficulties of the day had to be met as best they could.

UNEMPLOYMENT, unfortunately, prevails to a large extent even in countries which were neutral during the war. Holland is a case in point. The chief causes of unemployment there are two in number. The first is a falling off in the demand for that garden produce the production of which is the chief occupation of the Dutch. Before the war Germany used to be the chief customer and took about 70 per cent. of the vegetables grown in Holland. Since the war the proportion has dropped to 25 per cent.,

and though a strong attempt has been made to establish a market in Great Britain, it has not succeeded in filling the place vacated by Germany. The second cause of unemployment in that country is connected with coal. This fuel used to be obtained from two sources, Germany and England. During the war Germany had no coal to export, and not only did the English source fail, but the blockade practically prevented all importation of coal. In this dilemma the country turned to peat as a substitute for coal, and an army of diggers came into existence. Now that coal has become accessible, and even cheap, its use has been resumed, and the peat-diggers are out of work. Hence, toilers in the gardens and in the bogs swell the world's tremendous aggregate of men who have no work to do.

THAT mankind rarely appreciates a possession until faced by the possibility of losing it is as true of an old coat or a marrying daughter as of a famous picture like the Blue Boy. But even if as many people, urged on by the Press, have seen it in the past three weeks as would have done so in three years if the picture were a permanent feature of the National Gallery, yet posterity is now deprived, so far as England is concerned, of a piece of our national moral capital. With the present scale of taxation, however, the owner of such a picture is forced into selling it; but if an export duty were imposed, the proceeds to go to the National Art Collections Fund, the nation would be able to, in some degree, replace its losses. If only 10 per cent. of sale price were enforced, as it is now in France after the repeal of the 25 per cent. duty imposed in 1920, £15,000 would have gone to this fund upon the recent sale. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was only prevented in 1920 from putting forward such a proposal by the contrary advice of Sir Robert Wild and the Trustees of the National Art Collections Fund. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be again contemplating such a measure. Let no advice of the Trustees, who are sometimes confused in their policy by art dealers, deter Sir Robert Horne and the House from a step which, if injurious to art dealers, is yet profitable to the rest of the nation.

THE INCONSOLABLE LOVER.

Oh Shropshire air is friendly air,
And scent of Shropshire lanes and fields
Is sweet and rare beyond compare;
There's not another county yields
The friendly feel of Shropshire air.

Across the world a wooded hill*
Is symbol of our friendly air;
And tranquil round the Wrekin still
Our meadowed homes lie strangely fair
With boyhood's dreams we cannot kill.

Forlorn, my love has left me here;
She, smiling, bade me then be brave,
And I, in fear, both far and near
Have searched for peace this side the grave . . .
But even Shropshire air seems drear.

And Severn still o'erflows its bed,
And Wenlock Edge still cuts the sky,
Still Llanymynech cliffs gleam red
And Breidden stands the same. 'Tis I
Am changed. Alas! My love is dead.

KATHARINE KENYON.

* The Salopian's toast is: "All friends round the Wrekin."

THROWING the hammer is to disappear this year from the Oxford and Cambridge Sports. There will, surely, be very few to regret its passing, more especially as its place will be taken by what should be a dramatic and exciting event, a 220yds. hurdle race over low hurdles. Hammer-throwing is, no doubt, an art, and when the thrower can control the gyrations of his body and appears to know when and where he is going to throw, it is not without a certain rhythm and picturesqueness. But as practised by the average undergraduate, who has not taken the trouble to learn the elements of his business, it is as unimpressive

as it is inexpressibly tedious. Putting the weight, which will remain in the programme is, to be sure, equally dull, but one dull event is better than two. For the last few years these "strong man" events have been largely the preserve of the Rhodes Scholars of Oxford, but last year that University produced a home-bred hammer-thrower, Mr. Noakes, who was a real master of the art. It is rather an ironic circumstance that the hammer should go just when an English hammer-thrower has arrived, and Oxford are to be congratulated on their unselfish policy in agreeing to the change.

THE warning given by Mr. McKenna at the meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank ought not to fail in producing some effect. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the strictest economy in our national expenditure has become the first and most imperative consideration. He would have expenditure reduced to the extreme limit consistent with our contractual obligations. His opinion is that present taxation is engulfing capital. A high super-tax he described as largely a tax upon savings, and accompanying this is the growing vice of restriction of output by workmen. It raises the price of the local produce and must increase the general cost of living, and thereby reduce the real value of wages. No more impressive message has been sent to England than Mr. Reginald McKenna's discourse on national finance.

LORD CREWE, presiding over a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, was led by a consideration of some of the writers of English country life to the region of ironical prophecy. In the eye of his imagination he beheld England turning into a gigantic garden suburb intersected by motor roads and furnished for hygienic reasons with artificial wildernesses or nature reserves. His vision was certainly founded on a tendency; but if it depends upon "agriculture on a small scale becoming the business of more and more citizens," we doubt of its immediate realisation. Lord Grey of Fallodon followed Lord Crewe by saying that if he were asked to name the two books that had the most repose about them he would say "The Compleat Angler" and "The Natural History of Selborne." They are very good examples indeed. Father Izaak, angle in hand by the waterside, and Selborne, when watching the Hampshire birds, were as detached as men could possibly be from what is usually called "the business of life." They would, from their hearts, both of them, have hated the idea of England as a huge garden suburb.

EVER and anon a prophetic figure arises in our midst to urge on the people a holy war against rats and mice. Then he subsides into his quiet retreat, wherever it may be. There is a week or two of slaughter of rodents and a year or so of neglect, during which the prolific rat and the no less prolific mouse have increased and multiplied in the land and are stealing as much of the grain and other foodstuffs as ever they did, so that the business of exterminating them has to be done once more. We are, at the present time, at the stage when rat-killing has been neglected, and farmers are beginning again to think it perfectly natural that out of a comparatively small rick two or three hundred rats should be killed. They do kill them with dogs and sticks, and occasionally with the aid of the domestic cat; but one field day is all they have, and hence the plague of rats grows and grows with the regularity and shorter periodicity of the wild rose.

THE latest instalment of Mr. Page's letters now appearing in *The World's Work* is the most thrilling we have read yet. The letters deal largely with the state of affairs prevalent before the Battle of the Marne, when the capture of Paris was so clearly a possibility that the Government withdrew to Bordeaux. Mr. Page thought, if Paris were captured, the German Emperor would at once send a message to President Wilson declaring that he was "unwilling to shed another drop of blood." At the same time the Ambassador warned President Wilson that "any proposal that the Kaiser makes will be simply the proposal of a conqueror." If Germany were permitted to stop hostilities,

he thought the prevailing English judgment was that the war would have accomplished nothing. He said there was a determination in England to "destroy utterly the German bureaucracy, and Englishmen are prepared to sacrifice themselves to any extent in men and money." After the first Battle of the Marne Mr. Page thought Germany "likely to get licked—lock, stock and barrel." On December 4th Colonel House alarmed the Ambassador by writing that the President desired to start peace-parleys at the very earliest possible moment. In reply, Mr. Page said that England was very determined to carry the thing out to a finish. He says, the horror of it no man knows, and relates that "four of the crack regiments of this kingdom . . . have been practically annihilated twice; yet their ranks are filled up and you never hear a murmur. Presently it'll be true that hardly a title or an estate in England will go to its natural heir—the heir has been killed. Yet, not a murmur." It is a strong picture of a nation with its muscles all taut for the struggle.

NOW that another seventy acres have been purchased from Lord Francis Hope's trustees and given to Box Hill by Miss Warburg, it is to be hoped that someone will come forward and buy the rest of the land. There are about two hundred acres in all, remaining the property of Lord Francis Hope, and he and his trustees are disposed to sell this land at a moderate price to a purchaser who is prepared to give it to the nation. The gift would be a very welcome one, and would have given infinite pleasure to George Meredith, if he had been alive. It would make a splendid place for Londoners who desire a walk among the hills and a breath of the fresh air. The land, although within fifty miles of London, has never been under the plough. Its trees and plants are probably the same as those which grew in Saxon days. It would be a great thing to be associated with Mr. Leopold Salomons, who was the first to make the splendid gift of two hundred and thirty acres to his countrymen, and with Miss Warburg, who has followed his example and dedicated her seventy acres as a thankoffering for the conclusion of the war.

CHANSON JOYEUSE.

I saw your face on a butterfly's wing,
And in a sweet bird's lilting voice
I heard you sing.

Beside the river you beckoned to me,
And in the wood, I heard you laugh
Behind a tree.

I did not see you, I knew you were near.
So happy I could never be
Without you here.

ADELA RUSSELL.

THERE has just been issued from His Majesty's Stationery Office a very interesting report by the Departmental Committee appointed to look into the allotments question. An admirable feature about it is that on the second page a summary of the cost incurred in the preparation and publication of the report is printed. The total cost is £388 10s., of which sum £372 was incurred in the form of travelling expenses for members and witnesses. The report is not a long one as compared with the Blue Books in which such subjects are usually embedded. It is, however, stuffed with good matter. Needless to say, an emphatic blessing is pronounced on the movement. It has become more of an urban than of a rural character, and there can be no doubt whatever of its good effect upon a town population. It makes use of labour that would otherwise be wasted, since it is that of leisure before or after the day's wage has been earned. The number of allotment holders shows a great tendency to increase even now when the war, which gave a great impetus to this kind of cultivation, has become a thing of the past. In 1919 the total number of allotments in England and Wales was 524,366 and the acreage 57,655. In 1920 the number had grown to 584,406 and the acreage increased to 65,474. At the end of the report is a summary of recommendations, which are, as far as we have examined them, extremely

sensible and calculated to help the tenant of an allotment without doing injury to his neighbours. Scotland was well supplied with allotments during war-time, but there has been a slight decline in their numbers since 1918, when the number of allotments was approximately 42,277 and

the acreage 2,551. The acreage has decreased from 2,551 to 2,527. It may be that the allotment-holders who had possession of land under D.O.R.A. have had to relinquish what they held, and have not yet been able to secure other plots of land.

The DEATH of SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

THE whole country was deeply moved on Monday by the announcement of Sir Ernest Shackleton's death. It was dramatic in its unexpectedness. Sir Ernest was almost at the beginning of his great task, the Quest had only got as far as the coast of South Georgia.

His health had given no cause for anxiety since his departure from England. In a letter received by his friend Mr. John Quiller Rowett, who was mainly responsible for financing the Quest expedition, written from Rio on December 8th, he said: "The next you will hear will be, please God, success," and that should anything untoward happen it would not be due to the ship, which seems to have satisfied him in every way. His high courage may be guessed from the two lines with which he closes his letter:

Never for me the lowered banner,
Never the lost endeavour.

But at half-past three in the morning of January 5th he called Major Macklin and complained of a pain in the back. Major Macklin called Dr. McIlroy, but Sir Ernest died within three minutes, before anything could be done. He had recently recovered from an attack of influenza, and had complained of feeling tired and unwell when he went to bed. It is as sad as sad can be. Sir Ernest had drawn up a great programme for exploring a part of the Antarctic region hitherto unknown. We all know the energy and organising power with which he got the expedition ready. No one knew better than he the risks of the journey he had undertaken, for there was no man in Great Britain who had sterner experience of travel near the Southern Pole. Before this expedition he had been on three others. Indeed, from youth onward he had manifested all those qualities which make a great explorer. He loved danger and difficulty for their own sakes, and was resolved almost from infancy not to subside into a merely respectable home-staying citizen. His father, an Irish doctor, who, with his family, crossed over to England in 1885 when Ernest was eleven years old, wished him to follow the medical profession, but the boy was very unwilling to do so, and the father wisely decided to let him follow his own bent, which was for the sea.

He made his first voyage on a White Star liner to Iquique when he was sixteen and on that occasion made close acquaintance with the perils of the deep, as a great storm burst when the ship was rounding Cape Horn, and he almost miraculously escaped injury from the falling tackle which badly hurt some of his companions. He also had a rough experience at Santiago, where he went ashore when a revolution was taking place. He narrowly escaped being killed or taken captive by some of the armed revolutionaries, jumping through a window that was kindly opened to him by a British resident.

After he was done with his apprenticeship he travelled round the world in vessels of the Welsh Shire Line, which he subsequently gave up for the Union Castle Line. Thus he did not undergo the revulsion of feeling which is common in the history of naval cadets who are thrilled with the romance of the sea till they have had some experience of the dullness and discomfort of spending their lives in a vessel going from port to port, so that they do not have frequent opportunities of seeing life on the land. Shackleton was of the true sailor spirit, and his ambition was a higher one than the mercantile marine could satisfy. When Lieutenant Scott, as he was then, was preparing

for the voyage of the Discovery, he applied for a position on the ship and persisted in doing so till Scott granted the request and made him fourth officer. It was a practical tribute of great value, for Scott, in any application for joining his expedition, considered nothing but efficiency. By this time he had gained some experience of the sea. After the Boer War, during which he served on the Tintagel Castle, then used as a troopship, he entered the Royal Naval Reserve, and went through their course of training.

The aim of the expedition, which was organised by a joint committee of the Royal Society and the Geographical Society, was to explore the land which Ross believed to exist beyond the Great Ice Barrier. Shackleton's energy was untiring on the Discovery. He had charge of the stores and did a great deal of scientific work, but probably the duty he liked best was that of editing *The South Polar Times*, which his friend, Dr. A. E. Wilson illustrated with his usual felicity. In going home his health broke down, but he recovered during the voyage.

Between that time and his next adventure he played many parts. Among other things, he was assistant editor of a monthly magazine, and later on Secretary to the Scottish Geographical Society. In 1907 he commanded the British Antarctic Expedition carried out in the Nimrod. It was an important expedition, and it is recorded by Shackleton that "the Southern sledge-journey planted the Union Jack in latitude 88° 23' South, within one hundred geographical miles of the South Pole—the most southerly latitude ever reached (up to that time) by man." The same party that set up the Union Jack ascended Mount Erebus and surveyed its craters, one of which was in eruption. He was disappointed at not reaching the Pole, and would have renewed the attempt had he not learnt on his return of the expeditions of Scott and Amundsen. He felt sure that one of them would perform the feat that had baffled so many. Much attention was directed to the next expedition which he commanded in 1913. The two ships, *Aurora* and *Endurance*, were ready to start in



Elliott and Fry.

Copyright.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON IN 1912.

July, 1914. They actually left London on August 1st, but war being declared on the 4th, Shackleton offered to put off the expedition and placed the ships' stores and the services of the crews at the disposal of the King. This he did with the full consent of the second in command and the crews of the ships, but the generous offer was refused by the King and the Government, His Majesty sending a Union Jack to be carried on the expedition. It was not a very lucky adventure. While the war was going on, Shackleton and his comrades passed out of view. No communication came from them until May, 1916, when Shackleton arrived at the Falkland Islands in a whaler with the sad news that the *Endurance* had had to be abandoned, and the crews left on Elephant Island. His prompt fitting out of an expedition to save them, and the fearful weather he encountered, are all in the public memory. It was August 30th, 1916, when the men were released from their dreadful situation. Among them was Wild, his second in command in the expedition now in progress, of which, by the death of Shackleton, he becomes commander.

When a full life of Shackleton comes to be written, it will be an epic of British pluck and resolution and endurance. He possessed to the full the dogged character of the seaman who laid the foundation of England's greatness. Not the least of his



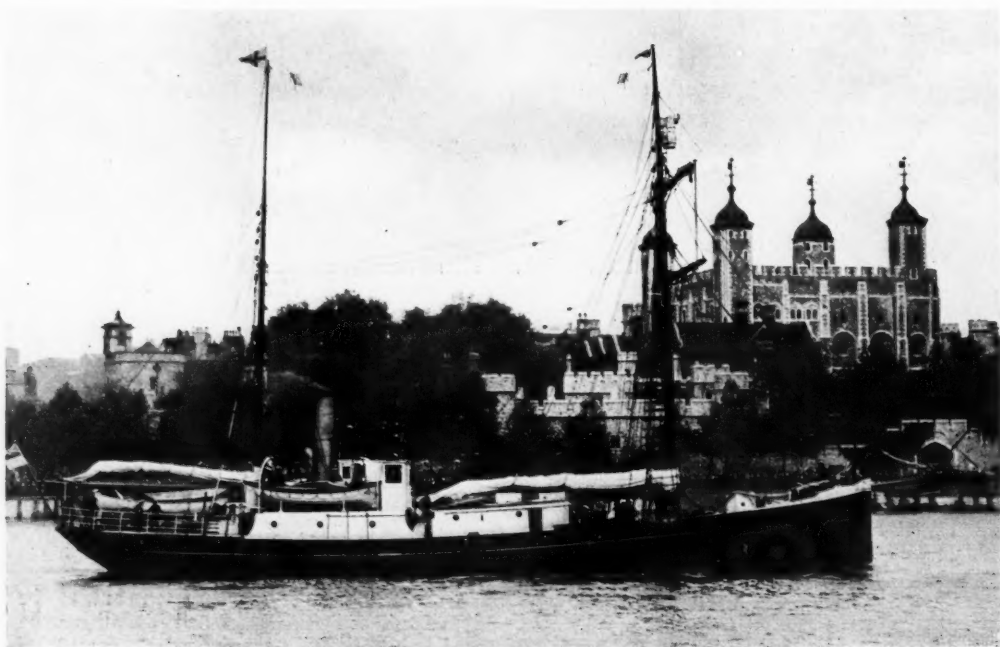
Herbert G. Ponting.

THE GRIM ANTARCTIC.

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qualifications was his capacity for business. The organisation of a Polar expedition is an extraordinarily difficult and complicated piece of business, but he never was happier than when he had something of the kind in hand. He had also a natural gift for leadership. Those who knew him in private life are aware of his stupendous *camaraderie*. When he was in his glee he was one of the most amusing and interesting of companions. It was then, too, that one discovered the vastness and variety of his reading. Even at school he showed a capacity for swallowing books wholesale, so to speak, and he never was completely happy unless there was a new book at his hand to read when there was the time to spare. We must add to all the rarest quality and one, perhaps, greater than them all, the dogged

strength with which he would pursue an object that seemed hopeless, and refused to give up until he had won the mastery. It is to qualities such as these that the nation owes its strength. Shackleton had no desire for what one would call a soft life. The harder it was, the more it developed his strength. His ambition, too, in an age that cannot be called anything but mercenary, was singularly free from that debasing attitude. The career he chose is one in which it is practically impossible to amass riches. The joys that it gives are those of peril and adventure. Its reward—only discovery, not wealth. The ideal with which he worked should be treasured by the nation, not because of any money-making connected with it, but because it gives spirit to the life and bone to the character.



READY FOR SHACKLETON'S LAST EXPEDITION.

BUBA GIDA AND THE LAKKAS.—II

By W. D. M. BELL.



ELEPHANTS IN THE LAKKA COUNTRY.

AFTER much wandering from one deserted village to another we arrived in the afternoon at a large one on the edge of a slough. As usual there was not a soul to be seen, but I have no doubt that our every movement was being carefully watched. On the march some kob had been shot and a good portion of the meat reserved for any native who might venture to approach us. After we had had our meal an old man came in. He was taken no notice of by anybody—far the best way to allay suspicion. When he seemed more at his ease I gave him some buck meat. He took it and at once began to cook it, as he had seen it cut from a leg with the skin still on it. It was unlikely, therefore, to be poisoned, and besides, if he took the meat away with him he would have to share it with others. To avoid this he evidently purposed eating it in our camp.

When he had fairly got the taste of meat on his palate, I got the interpreter to work on him about elephant. At first he said there were none. We did not worry him, although we knew this to be a lie, as we had seen recent tracks that day. After some time he volunteered the information that elephant had been in the gardens the night before. I said to him that I thought I would go and kill one or two, in as indifferent a tone as I could, and that if he cared to come along he would certainly get some meat. He became quite excited then, saying he would fetch me a man who would show me where the elephant had been eating the corn in the night. Off he hurried and soon came back with several men. We were ready for them, and as they preceded us some of them ran on ahead to pick up the freshest tracks, blowing as they went their curious little signalling whistles. With these whistles they can talk over quite a distance—in fact, it is a sort of short-range wireless telegraph. We found it subsequently of great assistance, as the notes of these whistles were familiar to elephant, and they appeared not to mind them in the least.

Although the sun was already half way between the vertical and the sundown, we judged from the air of suppressed excitement about our guides that the game was not far off. This surmise proved to be correct, for about a mile from our camp we entered a large plantation literally ploughed up by elephant.

My companion, who was naturally the most stoical of men, showed signs of great interest. This was his first *safari* in real wild country, and he had never yet seen a wild elephant. All the tracks were those of bulls, and some of them were colossal. Plenty of 63in. and 64in. feet had been there, and one with a circumference of 70ins. This meant that the owner had a shoulder height not far short of 12ft. We thought that if their tusks were in proportion to their feet we had indeed struck lucky.

The elephant had evidently been visiting this plantation nightly for some time, and the damage must have appeared terrible in the eyes of the owners. Bananas had been stripped, broken off or completely uprooted. Sugar cane ceased to exist. Much of the millet had been eaten and more trampled down. But it was the ground-nuts which had suffered most. These nuts grow in clusters on the roots of a clover-like plant and are barely covered with soil. The shell is quite fragile and cracks on the least pressure being applied. When it is remembered that the foot of an elephant covers some two square feet of ground, and that he has four of them, and that when feeding he is seldom still for long, one begins faintly to appreciate the devastating effect two or three dozen of them would have on any garden.

Wasting no more time than was necessary to unravel the tracks, we were soon hot on the trail of a large bull. This trail led us among other gardens for a time, all similarly raided. But presently we left cultivation and plunged into high bush, fairly dense in parts with long grass in the more open places. I stopped and told the crowd of natives who had tagged themselves on to us that no one was to follow us on any account, hinting with my rifle what would happen if they did so. Then we took with us one native and followed the trail. In a very short time we heard noises ahead of us. We stopped to listen. Sure enough it was elephant. Leaving the native, we walked carefully but rapidly towards the noises. It had been arranged between us that, as I had had previous experience of this game, I was to do the shooting, while my companion picked up what tips he could. I was leading when I suddenly saw through the clearer ground-stems of the bush the feet and parts of the



HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE THICK STUFF.

legs of a motionless elephant. At the same time the noises we had been approaching appeared to come from beyond this quiet elephant. A glance through the leaves revealed nothing of his body. This was awkward. He was only a few paces distant, and the wind was all over the place, as is usual in thick stuff. If we ran into him and killed him the chances were that the shot would stampede the others. And then, he might have little or no ivory, although his legs and feet were massive enough. Relying on these elephants being quite familiar with human smell, I slipped round behind him, making plenty of unavoidable noise, and so got between him and the noisy bunch.



THERE HE WAS NOW FACING ME.

We were rewarded for this manoeuvre by reaching an opening in the bush which gave us not only a view of the noisy ones, but also a glance at our first friend as he moved off. This glance showed that he had short but thick ivory. I instantly put a shot into him and another into what appeared to be the largest among the noisy ones. Both were heart shots, as in this type of bush the lower half of an elephant is generally more clearly disclosed than the upper half. At the shot there was the usual terrific commotion, crashing trees and dust. Hot on the vanishing sterns we raced and jumped to a standstill, face to face with the first elephant I had fired at. Head on, there he stood, perfectly motionless, about ten yards away. To me, of course, he was merely a stricken animal and would topple over in a few moments; but to my companion he must have appeared quite sufficiently grim and menacing. I dropped him with the frontal brain shot and showed my companion the direction and elevation for this shot, and then off we raced again on the trail of the others. We soon came upon the second elephant; he was down, but not yet quite dead. As he raised his head my companion tried a shot at his brain with his .450, but failed to find it. I finished him with a .318.

Leaving W. to wait for the natives, I tried on alone. I had not gone a quarter of a mile when I caught sight of a large bull elephant. He was moving towards an abandoned plantation through nice open stuff, and had I been able to reach him before he arrived at the densely bushed plantation I would have got him easily. But he reached and disappeared into the thick stuff without offering a chance. One would imagine that so massive an animal would leave behind him a passage clear enough for a man to pass along with ease and speed. This is by no means the case; everything rises up and closes in behind him again, and the trail remains almost as difficult to follow as before. I plunged into the horrible stuff and was soon close up to his stern. All I could do was to keep close up and wait until either we reached an open patch, when I might be able to range up alongside, or until he turned so as to give a chance at the brain. The rifle cartridge is not yet invented which will rake a full grown elephant from stern to vitals.

As I stumbled and clambered and pushed and sweated along behind this fellow he suddenly stopped, stood for an instant, then threw his head up, backed sharply towards me and to my left, at the same time bringing his front end round with a swing, and there he was now facing me. This manoeuvre was so unexpected and done so swiftly—all in one movement, as it were—as to be perfectly amazing. The transformation from that massive but rather ridiculous-looking stern to the much higher head, with its broad forehead, gleaming tusks and squirming trunk, was so sudden and disconcerting that I missed the brain and had barely time to reload and fire again—this time into his body and from the hip, with the muzzle perhaps only a few inches from his hide—as he rushed over the very spot I had occupied an instant before. Whew! But I thought I had him, although I suspected I had placed my shot too low. This was wrong, for I just then heard a crash and knew he was down. He was stone dead when I reached him. It was almost sundown, and I called up the natives. W. came with them. I was very exhausted and thirsty, having done no elephant hunting since before the war, so we demanded beer from the Lakkas, who were now our bosom friends. This was soon forthcoming from the bush, and very refreshing we both found it. We had three very large elephants, which would supply everyone with meat, and we expected that it would bring the natives in from other parts with further news of elephant. The ivory was very disappointing; it was of good quality, but very short and hollow. After the death of the first elephant, runners had gone to bring up the *safari* to a nearer village, so that we had not the long and deadly trek so common after an elephant hunt. In fact, we had barely gone a mile when we saw the welcome reflection of our fires on the trees, and we were soon as comfortable as possible.

After a substantial meal of buck-meat and rice, I asked W. what his impressions had been like. He told me the most vivid occurred when I fired the first shot. He said it appeared for all the world as if the elephant were motionless and the trees rushing past them.

As anticipated, the Lakkas became much more friendly after enjoying such mountains of meat, to say nothing of the riddance of the marauders from their gardens. They never became of very much use to us in the capacity of carriers, and always bolted to the bush when the subject was mentioned. Even when we offered lavish payment in trade goods for the carrying of our ivory from one village to another they invariably bolted. They could never quite trust our following, I think.

We hunted elephant for some time in this country. There were numerous bull herds scattered about, living chiefly upon native plantations, and we ridded the Lakkas of a fair number, although the nature of the country was against big bags. When the time came for us to return to Buba Rei to get our canoes

we parted firm friends with the Lakkas. The return journey was accomplished without incident more alarming than a poor abortive attempt by some Lakkas to spear some of our following. No one was hurt, and we were overjoyed to receive news while on the return journey that our canoes had arrived. The short rains had begun, and we had some trouble crossing some of the rivers. We could now begin the real expedition, which had



LAKKAS, SHY AND NERVOUS.

as its object the ascent of the practically unknown and quite unexplored Bahr Aouck.

On our arrival at Buba Rei for the second time we again visited the king to thank him for all he had done for us. This time relations were rather frigid. To begin with, the king remained lolling on his couch when he received us. He had, of course, heard all about our refusing to allow any "recruiting" of slaves to be carried out, and I daresay he was furious with us. He remained polite but cold, and we noticed a great falling off

in the presents of food, etc., which are demanded by custom. Among other things we were distinctly annoyed to find that we were classed by the king as third-class white men. To Buba Gida there were three classes of European. In the first category were French governors, French administrators and French military officers. For these sweet champagne was forthcoming, in quantities to suit the individual importance of the visitor. Class two comprised minor French officials, important American or English travellers, scientific expeditions, surveys, etc.; these

got whisky. While ginger beer was reserved for elephant hunters, clerks or small commercial people. We were Ginger Beerites.

In spite of this we calculated what we owed the king, and paid him by presenting him with three tusks. He seemed only tolerably pleased with these. It was with a feeling of relief that we departed from Buba Rei and its atmosphere of intrigue and cruelty.

THE "CORNHILL" AND THE LETTERS OF W. S. GILBERT

THE *Cornhill* for February is a splendid number, with fiction by Stanley J. Weyman and Claude E. Benson, a military article by Sir Neville G. Lyttelton, a fascinating article by Robert M. Macdonald, "With the Molybdenite Miners." Molybdenite is one of those minerals that came to be much sought after during the war. It is a combination of the metal molybdenum and sulphur, and is used for hardening steel and for rendering it rustless and non-oxidisable. Julian Huxley writes one of his clever fascinating articles on Gerhard Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers." Mr. Hesketh Prichard has an article on "Hunter's Luck," and Frederick Martin pays a tribute to the late Sir Arthur Pearson. It is a fine list, yet the most delightful contribution has not yet been mentioned. It is called "The W. S. Gilbert of His Own Letters," and is by H. Rowland Brown and Rowland Grey. It is a real discovery that Gilbert was one of that rare phenomena—a born letter-writer. The discoverers of the boxful of letters dealt with here describe his epistolary characteristics admirably in the following little sentence:

"Three things are notable in the easy style of the Gilbert letters—a Sévigné-like readiness to 'let the pen trot,' a plentiful use of the much decried parenthesis, and a fondness for underlining words."

Apart from the style, their other great merit is that they disclose the fact that the Gilbert of ordinary practical life was the Gilbert whose characteristics can be traced in "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Patience" and his other famous comic operas. You see it in the two-lined reply to a begging letter:

"Dear Miss—(with cheque)—I can but do your bidding, and sign myself yours obediently, W. S. GILBERT."

Is not this the humour that has called smiles to thousands of lips?

"Did you know—? She was married yesterday to—of the Eighteenth Hussars, with much pomp and ancients. I can't understand why so much fuss is made over a partnership—or rather I don't understand why the process should not be applied to all partnerships. It seems to me that the union (say) of Marshall and Snelgrove might and should have been celebrated in the same fashion. Marshall waiting at the altar for Snelgrove to arrive (dressed in summer stock remnants), a choir to walk in front of Snelgrove, a Bishop and a Dean (and also a solicitor to ratify the deed of partnership), and a bevy of coryphée fitters to strew flowers in their path. It is a pretty idea, and invests a contract with a charm not to be found in a solicitor's or conveyancer's chambers."

Here, too, is a lovely bit of satire written as Sir John Vanbrugh, who was knighted for his hideous architecture, not for his sparkling licentious stage work:

"I went yesterday to the Investiture at Buckingham Palace, and was duly tapped on both shoulders by Edward VII. and then kissed hands. I found myself politely described in the official list as Mr. William Gilbert, playwright, suggesting that my work was analogous to that of a wheelwright, or a millwright, or a wainwright, or a shipwright, as regards the mechanical character of the process by which our respective results are achieved. There is an excellent word 'dramatist,' which seems to fit the situation, but it is not applied until we are dead, and then we become dramatists as oxen, sheep, and pigs are transfigured into beef, mutton, and pork after their demise. You never hear of a novel-wright, or a picture-wright, or a poem-wright; and why a playwright?"

Here is another piece of good fun:

"Do you know how they are going to decide the Shakespeare-Bacon dispute? They are going to dig up Shakespeare and dig up Bacon; they are going to set their coffins side by side, and they are going to get Tree to recite *Hamlet* to them. And the one who turns in his coffin will be the author of the play."

Here is a trifle of verse that he sends in one letter:

"Willie tricked out in his frock and sashes,
Fell in the fire, and was burnt to ashes.
The fire burnt low, and the room grew chill,
But nobody liked to poke poor Will."

His mastery of rhyme has given pleasure to every audience at his operas, and it is well shown in the Limerick quoted in the article:

"There was a young lady, Miss Decima,
Whose conduct was voted quite pessima;
But she mended at last,
On the eve of the fast
Of the Sunday called Septuagesima."

What he calls a Roman Catholic story about Father Healey, looks extremely like his own invention:

"A young lady said to him, 'Is it true, Father Healey, you have no misseltoe in Ireland?' 'Alas, my dear,' replied Healey, 'it is only too true.' 'But,' said the girl, 'if young ladies can't kiss under the misseltoe, what in the world do they do?' 'Why, they do it *under the rose*.' Not bad for a mere parish priest."

We would like to quote every one of the letters in this fascinating article, but our readers will find the selection out for themselves in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

A GIANT BUTTERFLY

THE LIFE STORY OF A "BIRD WING" (ORNITHOPTERA MINOS, CRAMER).

THERE is a group of giant butterflies inhabiting mainly the East Indies which invariably excites admiration in collections of exotic insects in England and sometimes forms the subject of articles written for "popular consumption," illustrated by artists who endeavour to depict the insects in their natural surroundings, without ever having had the good fortune to see them so situated. These illustrations, often excellently coloured, convey a very wrong impression, and, in most of the articles, little or nothing is said about the early stages of these most beautiful creatures.

The Ornithoptera, or bird-winged butterflies, belong to the family Papilionidae, which includes the "Swallow Tails"; and more than one great naturalist holds the theory that they originally had their home in New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, whence they spread westward. If this be so, the call of "Westward Ho!" appears to have caused four species to emigrate as far as our Indian limits, one reaching Ceylon, three British India; one of these latter being the subject of this article.

Before going further it is suggested, with deference, that the bird-winged butterflies can be divided into two classes or groups: (a) Those in which the male, outwardly at all events, bears no resemblance whatever to the female—among these are the most magnificent butterflies known; (b) those in which the two sexes are more or less similar in form and coloration. It is to this latter "group" that *O. minos* belongs.

When starting to collect Indian butterflies, a good many years ago, I was fired with a burning desire to catch a "Bird Wing"; so after consulting the library and collection at the Madras Museum, I proceeded on leave to Cannanore for the express purpose of capturing *O. minos*. I was successful, and the very first day I was out. I caught a magnificent female about 8 ins. in expanse of wing, and at the time felt in a mild degree the sensations recorded by the late Dr. Wallace when he caught the famous "Cresus Bird Wing" on the island of Batchian! I also obtained about a dozen pupæ, from which I reared splendid specimens; but I was still in the dark regarding the butterfly's



ORNITHOPTERA MINOS, MALE AND FEMALE.
(Approximately life size.)



THE LARVA IN ITS FIRST AND SECOND STAGES.

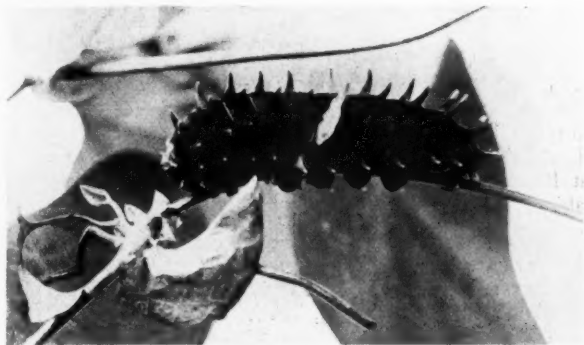
larval existence. However, subsequently I was quartered at Cannanore, and, while there, I determined to pursue my investigations.

The food plant of the larva is a species of aristolochia, a weak, climbing shrub of most insignificant appearance, and hard to find. Luckily, it possesses some medicinal properties, and, having found out its vernacular name, I succeeded in obtaining six plants, which were carefully nursed and finally

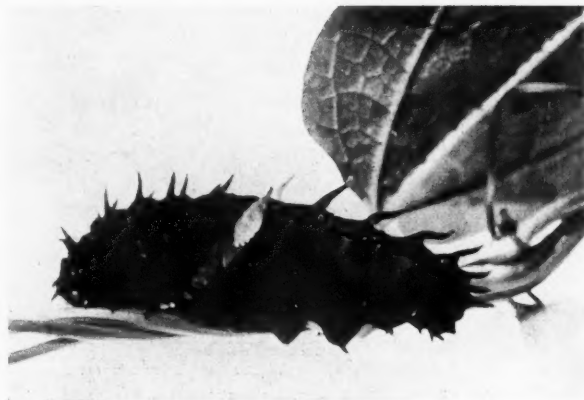
a week, and the infant larva is an unwholesome-looking little creature, covered with fleshy tubercles and of a mahogany red colour. It eats the egg-shell on emerging, and then betakes itself to the underside of a leaf. In four or five days it moults and then appears as a velvety black larva covered with tubercles, with a diagonal band on each side, near the centre, of a bright golden yellow.

Its habits are sluggish; it coats an underleaf surface with a bed of very coarse black silk, on which it sits much contracted. It is, however, a gluttonous feeder, chiefly in the evenings and mornings, and it grows rapidly. About half way through its existence (see illustration) the larva is almost the colour of a prune, with shiny black legs, and a diagonal pale rose band on segments 7 and 8. Most of the tubercles are black with bright rose-red tips. There is a semicircular flat shiny space on segment 2 (nape of the neck), from which the larva can protrude at will a short, thick, fleshy, forked process, orange yellow in colour and giving off an unpleasant pungent odour—an obviously protective device.

The full grown larva is velvety black with obscure grey marbling on the back, the tubercles are duller in colour and the



HALF-GROWN LARVA.



LARVA FULL FED.

planted out under a rough trellis in a sheltered part of my garden. I also obtained from a seedsman about two dozen packets of the seed of a cultivated aristolochia, and planted out the seedlings in among the wild plants. These flourished in the soaking monsoon months and soon the trellis was a tangled mass of wild and "tame" aristolochia. The lure was absolutely effective, and the Minos butterflies came in dozens to oviposit on my plants. The female butterfly comes sailing over the tops of the highest coconut palms, and then descends on the food plant. Holding by the extremities of her long legs to a leaf or shoot, which frequently threatens to collapse under her weight, she keeps herself in position by fluttering her wings, and lays a single egg. She then repeats the process on another leaf or shoot, and so on. The egg is usually placed on the upper side of a young leaf and is globular in shape and orange red in colour, with a pronounced gloss. It hatches in about



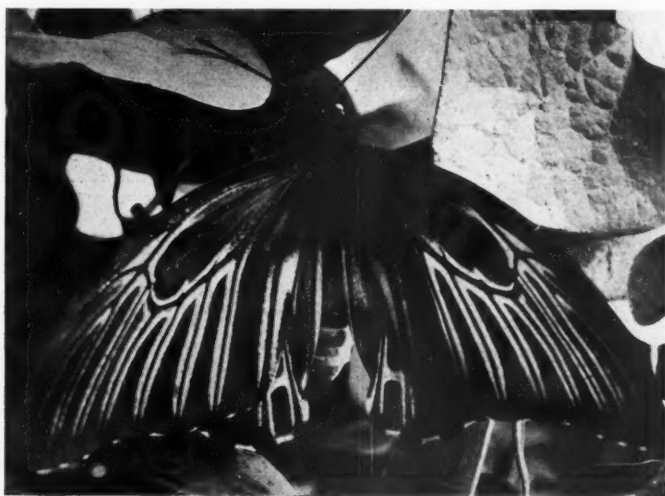
PUPA.

diagonal band becomes a soiled white. When full fed it voids the entire contents of the stomach, and, after wandering for some time, it pupates, usually on a stick or stem. The life of the larva is some five weeks.

The pupa is shown, in the accompanying illustration, life size. In colour it varies somewhat, being either pinkish brown or dull pale green with an "old gold" saddle, which is always present. When touched it makes a peculiar hissing sound, sometimes quite loud, produced apparently by the forcible contraction of the abdominal segments. The pupal life varies from twenty-one to twenty-eight days, twenty-five being the average, and the butterfly emerges early in the morning, the life cycle being about nine weeks only.

The butterfly has, normally, a slow sailing flight, but when frightened can move at a great pace. During flight it never brings the wings right up over the back, nor does it rest with the wings in this position, as so frequently shown in illustrations of butterflies of this group. The only time I have ever seen the wings so held is in the case of a freshly emerged insect, holding to the empty pupa case, drying its wings. It is very fond of flowers, and it is a fine sight to see a large female hovering over the orange red flowers of the "small gold mohur" (*Poinciana pulcherrima*) or flower panicles of the teak tree.

A reference to the large illustration accompanying this article will give a good idea of the markings of the wings. In the male the fore wings are a rich velvety black with a few pale streaks powdered with sulphur yellow scales. The hind wings are bright yellow with a silky gloss, bordered and veined with jet black. The female is often a good deal larger than her lord, and has duller colours—the fore wings are a dull greenish black and the pale streaks are much broader and longer. She has also a row of large black spots across the hind wings and another row of black markings on her yellow body. Both sexes have a narrow crimson collar and the underside of the thorax decorated with a

FRESHLY EMERGED FEMALE; NOT FULLY DEVELOPED.
(All life size.)

A GIANT BUTTERFLY

THE LIFE STORY OF A "BIRD WING" (ORNITHOPTERA MINOS, CRAMER).

THERE is a group of giant butterflies inhabiting mainly the East Indies which invariably excites admiration in collections of exotic insects in England and sometimes forms the subject of articles written for "popular consumption," illustrated by artists who endeavour to depict the insects in their natural surroundings, without ever having had the good fortune to see them so situated. These illustrations, often excellently coloured, convey a very wrong impression, and, in most of the articles, little or nothing is said about the early stages of these most beautiful creatures.

The Ornithoptera, or bird-winged butterflies, belong to the family Papilionidæ, which includes the "Swallow Tails"; and more than one great naturalist holds the theory that they originally had their home in New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, whence they spread westward. If this be so, the call of "Westward Ho!" appears to have caused four species to emigrate as far as our Indian limits, one reaching Ceylon, three British India; one of these latter being the subject of this article.

Before going further it is suggested, with deference, that the bird-winged butterflies can be divided into two classes or groups: (a) Those in which the male, outwardly at all events, bears no resemblance whatever to the female—among these are the most magnificent butterflies known; (b) those in which the two sexes are more or less similar in form and coloration. It is to this latter "group" that *O. minos* belongs.

When starting to collect Indian butterflies, a good many years ago, I was fired with a burning desire to catch a "Bird Wing"; so after consulting the library and collection at the Madras Museum, I proceeded on leave to Cannanore for the express purpose of capturing *O. minos*. I was successful, and the very first day I was out. I caught a magnificent female about 8 ins. in expanse of wing, and at the time felt in a mild degree the sensations recorded by the late Dr. Wallace when he caught the famous "Cræsus Bird Wing" on the island of Batchian! I also obtained about a dozen pupæ, from which I reared splendid specimens; but I was still in the dark regarding the butterfly's



ORNITHOPTERA MINOS, MALE AND FEMALE.
(Approximately life size.)



THE LARVA IN ITS FIRST AND SECOND STAGES.

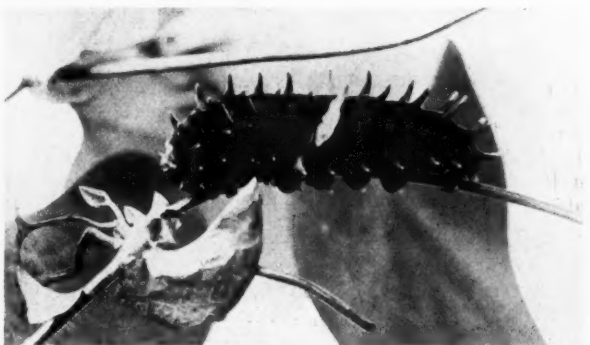
larval existence. However, subsequently I was quartered at Cannanore, and, while there, I determined to pursue my investigations.

The food plant of the larva is a species of *aristolochia*, a weak, climbing shrub of most insignificant appearance, and hard to find. Luckily, it possesses some medicinal properties, and, having found out its vernacular name, I succeeded in obtaining six plants, which were carefully nursed and finally

a week, and the infant larva is an unwholesome-looking little creature, covered with fleshy tubercles and of a mahogany red colour. It eats the egg-shell on emerging, and then betakes itself to the underside of a leaf. In four or five days it moults and then appears as a velvety black larva covered with tubercles, with a diagonal band on each side, near the centre, of a bright golden yellow.

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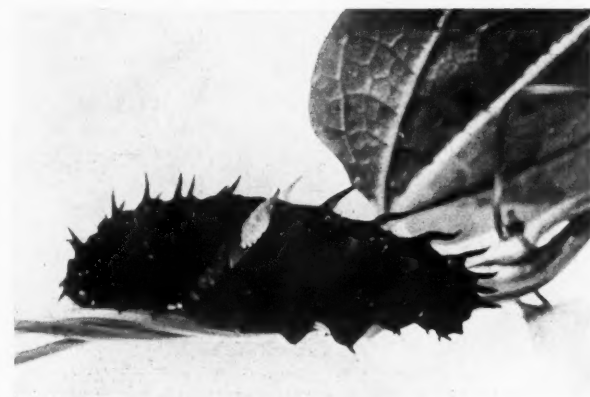
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PUPA.



LARVA FULL FED.

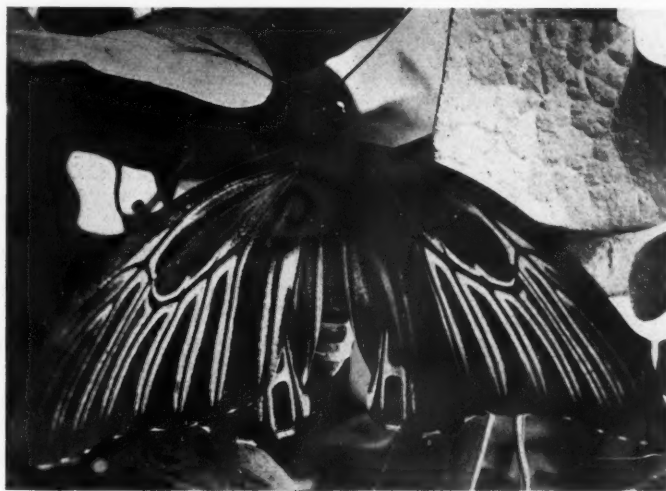
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crimson gorget. It may be exceptional, but this is the only butterfly I have ever seen indulge in an apparently studied form of courtship. Mr. Banfield in his "Confessions of a Beachcomber," describes this in the case of an allied species, *O. cassandra*, and I have myself seen much the same. The female, usually an old and sorely battered giantess, appears to exercise the initial fascination, while resting on the ground, or on a stem or leaf near the ground. The fascinated suitor, generally a fresh and brilliant one, then indulges in a regular aerial display before her, which eventually causes his innamorata to take wing, and he follows her at a fixed

distance, keeping station and pace so perfectly that they almost look as if joined by some invisible thread. Should the female tarry by the way to feed, the display by the male is resumed, and so on until pairing is accomplished in some secluded spot in the jungle.

In conclusion, I may say that all the illustrations for this article were taken by myself—from life, with one exception—and are life size—the dead pair of insects were perhaps the finest among several dozen I successfully reared from egg to imago, and then let go.†

P. L. COLERIDGE.

FIGURES OF EARTH*

MR. JAMES BRANCH CABELL produced in "Jorgen" one of the most popular novels of the day. It is, we believe, at the present moment the best seller in America. In a general way that statement would act as a warning rather than as an allurements to read the book. Best sellers very frequently show that there is a vast difference between the taste of the multitude and that of the "fit though few." The work of Mr. Cabell, however, has a very wide appeal. For one thing, he has the knack of writing in a seemingly careless, wild and witty manner. It may be all deliberate, but what matter, as long as he fills the part? His plan is to write a romance in the "Morte Arthure" style. He used the Middle English of Malory very freely, but always with a laughter in his tone that sounds like something lying midway between mockery and admiration. It is the engaging art of one who appreciates the beauty of our early language and yet understands perfectly that only a pedant would use it in place of the speech of to-day, so with heaps of ardour and admiration there is united a smile of *camaraderie* with those who do not take it quite seriously. His beginning, "In the old days when miracles were as common as fruit pies," exactly hits the style of the book. The future hero at that time is a swineherd to the miller. He was content and happy as such a boy must always be. He had a quiet way with the girls and with the men a solemn, blinking simplicity, which made the superficial man put him down as a fool, but always he is an alert, outspoken youth who lives up to his favourite saying: "I am Manuel, and I shall follow after my own thinking and my own desires."

Adventures by the score waited for him in the land of Poictesme, of which he became Count. The first of his adventures is to the top of the mountain called Vraidex, "upon the remote and cloud-wrapped summit of which dread Miramon Lluagor dwelt, in a doubtful palace wherein the lord of the nine sleeps, contrived illusions and designed the dreams of men." He is accompanied by Niafer. Niafer is the girl he loves disguised in boy's clothes. She gets rid of three great dangers in succession, and each time by a device that has the same principle, although it differs in the carrying out. The first peril came from a snake on a black horse, with a black falcon perched on his head and a black hound following him. The snake is alarmed, for he asks: "My steed, why do you stumble? my hound, why do you howl? and my falcon, why do you clamour? For these three doings foresay some ill to me." Manuel replies, "Oh, a great ill!" and is out with his sword, but Niafer has the better wit. She has been to the Island of the Oaks and found there a copper casket, and in the casket a purple duck, and in the duck was an egg which was to be the death of the snake, who, nevertheless, boasts proudly: "Nobody will ever find that egg, and therefore I am resistless and immortal." She, however, swears that the egg is in her hand and if she breaks it he will die. The serpent writhes with fear and prays: "Give me the egg, and I will permit you two to pass unmolested to a more terrible destruction." When they had gone on, Manuel asks: "But how in the devil did you manage to come by that invaluable egg?" "It is a quite ordinary duck egg, Manuel," she answers.

The next danger was from the Serpent of the North, whose appearance was heralded by a crashing of beech trees and the breaking of the earth's crust. The serpent's lower coils must ever keep a grip on the foundation of Norway, but the head and throat were thrust up through the cleft in the earth, and he swears: "It is the will of Miramon Lluagor that I forthwith demolish you both." Niafer says: "No, for before you can destroy me, I shall have cast this bridle over your head." She exhibits the bridle, saying it is "the soft bridle called Gleipnir, which is made of the breath of fish and of the spittle of birds and of the footfall of a cat." The serpent is uneasy, but asks how he can make sure that this particular bridle is Gleipnir. With apparent simplicity she proposes to cast the bridle over his head and "then you will

see for yourself the old prophecy will be fulfilled," she says. Of course, he refuses the test and lets them pass on.

What is symbolical in this story and what is mere fooling it is difficult to say, but in his own irresponsible way the author has tried to tell a tale of every man. The young swineherd, taken away from the sties, idealises Niafer, the, in reality, plain, common-minded, commonly dressed little peasant girl, but she dies and is followed in his affection by two great ladies. The first of these is Alianora, a princess with a lovely, tranquil smile. Dom Manuel has an illusion even beside this ardent beauty, that affection only existed in the drab little village girl. As may be surmised, it was not an eternal infatuation that he had for Alianora. He was thinking all the time of Niafer and of the figures that he could make, but could not inform with life. He asks Zhar-Ptitza, a bird with purple plumage whose neck feathers were the colour of new gold and tail was blue with somewhat longer red feathers intermingled, by what method animation was given to Adam. The Zhar-Ptitza had witnessed creation, but he could only answer: "He was drying out in the sun when I first saw him, with Gabriel sitting at his feet, playing on a flageolet: and naturally I did not pay any particular attention to such foolishness."

In the midst of it all there came over the sea the Bishops of Ely and Lincoln, the Prior of Hurl, and the Master of the Temple, seeking a wife for the King of England, and Alianora is fixed upon and so has to say good-bye to Manuel.

The vision of a very different woman floats before his eyes and captivates his heart. Her name is Freydis:

She had black painted hair, and folds of crimson silk were over her white flesh, and over her shoulders was a black cloak embroidered with little gold stars and ink-horns, and she wore sandals of gilded bronze. But in her face was such loveliness as may not be told.

Manuel is cloyed with her sweetness, and so he arms himself:

Then he armed himself, and he crept out of their modest magic home and went down into Bellegarde, and stole a horse from Duke Asmund's stables.

And that night, and all the next day, Dom Manuel rode away from Morven, and away from the house of jasper and porphyry and violet and yellow breccia, and away from Freydis, who had put off immortality for his kisses. He travelled northward, toward the high woods of Dun Vlechlán, where the leaves were aglow with the funeral flames of autumn: for the summer wherein Dom Manuel and Freydis had been happy together was now as dead as that estranged queer time which he had shared with Alianora.

Now comes Misery as his companion, and with it every month is as a year. This is the most fascinating part of the book. For how Dom Manuel got on with Misery; how he managed by his wizardry to bring back Niafer from the grave; how she was disappointed to find instead of the youth she had left behind, a grave old nobleman, with whom she had no sympathy, we must refer the reader to the book. Anyone who rejoices in a path that is very much out of the ordinary will find great satisfaction.

* *Figures of Earth*, by James Branch Cabell. (The Bodley Head.)

An Admiral's Yarns: *Stray Memories of Fifty Years*, by Admiral Sir Charles Dundas of Dundas, K.C.M.G. (Jenkins. 16s.)

SAILORS are famous for their yarns, and Sir Charles Dundas is a typical sailor in that and other particulars. He sets sail here apparently with the intention of following the course of his own adventures and roving career from old *Britannia* days onward, and if he is always veering from his course to touch at some pleasant port of anecdote or recollection, the happy reader who has embarked with him has no cause to complain of such a pleasant way of making the cruise longer. For the landlubber new light upon such well known figures as Lord Jellicoe, Lord Charles Beresford and Sir George Callaghan, to mention only three of many famous names, and a fresh outlook upon many Naval occasions, will be full of interest. His freshest good stories—using the phrase to denote not an interesting yarn so much as a funny one—are not all sea stories, as witness the one of the Scotch minister who, telling the adventures of Jonah, was working up by a series of questions to a dramatic statement of the climax of the story. "What sort o' a fush was it? Was it a shairk?" An old lady in the congregation, too excited to contain herself, shouted "A whale," to be rebuked in these terms: "Ye daft, blethering bizum, ye're takkin' the word of God oot o' the mouth o' ane o' His ministers!"

LUXURIOUS BOOKBINDING

BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bt.

IT was not until after the invention of printing that artistic bookbinding, as we understand the term to-day, sprang into existence. The manuscripts that were displaced by printed volumes had, of course, been bound, but with a view to preservation rather than embellishment. In the comparatively rare cases where decoration was employed the addition was to a great extent intended for purposes of display, and in order to give Gospels and Missals a splendour fitting the gorgeous surroundings of the cathedrals in which they were used. Such bindings resembled richly jewelled caskets of gold, silver, or copper, rather than the covers of a book. The famous "Byzantine coatings," as they were styled, were examples of this kind of ornamentation. If leather was employed, as was frequently the case in royal and monastic libraries, patterns were stamped upon it "in blind" from wood blocks, but the gold stamping of later times was practically unknown.

Aldus Manutius (1488-1515), the famous printer of Venice, was one of the first to cover books under what may be called the modern conditions of binding; though the earliest example in Europe of a gold-tooled volume is said to have been the work of a German in Rome about the year 1470, and similar work was turned out to some small extent at about the same date in Augsburg.

Very shortly after the start made by Aldus, richer designs were employed on leather covers, and while bookbinding was still in its infancy these designs in many cases took on an artistic beauty that still holds its own against the best work of succeeding ages. Among the famous book-lovers of those early days, Thomaso Maioli (d. 1549), Jean Grolier (d. 1565) and Geoffrey Tory were by far the most distinguished. The East was undoubtedly the source from which the Venetians derived the new method of adorning book covers with patterns tooled by hand in gold; and it is probable that native experts were at first imported from Persia, Arabia and Syria to instruct the Italian binders in the art which had for a long time previously been successfully practised in those countries.

To Maioli has rightly been attributed the honour of introducing really artistic bookbinding into Italy; while the founder of the French school was Jean Grolier. It is, however, but fair to Italy to say that Grolier learned all he knew of artistic gold tooling in that country. Both these renowned bibliophiles were for a long time supposed to have been binders themselves. This is now known not to have been the case, although both of them worked out their own designs, Grolier being assisted in doing so by his intimate friend, Geoffrey Tory, who was then a distinguished painter, engraver, printer and binder. The inter-

lacing geometrical designs so closely identified with Grolier's name, and commonly described as "Grolieresque," were copied in a great measure from those found on the books of Maioli.

Under the lead of the pioneer work done in France by Grolier the taste for sumptuously decorated bindings spread rapidly through the country, and by the close of the sixteenth century French bookbinding had attained its zenith. The Grolieresque patterns so long adhered to had by then broadened into more elaborate designs, a fantastic profusion of flowers and foliage being intermixed with the more severe types of

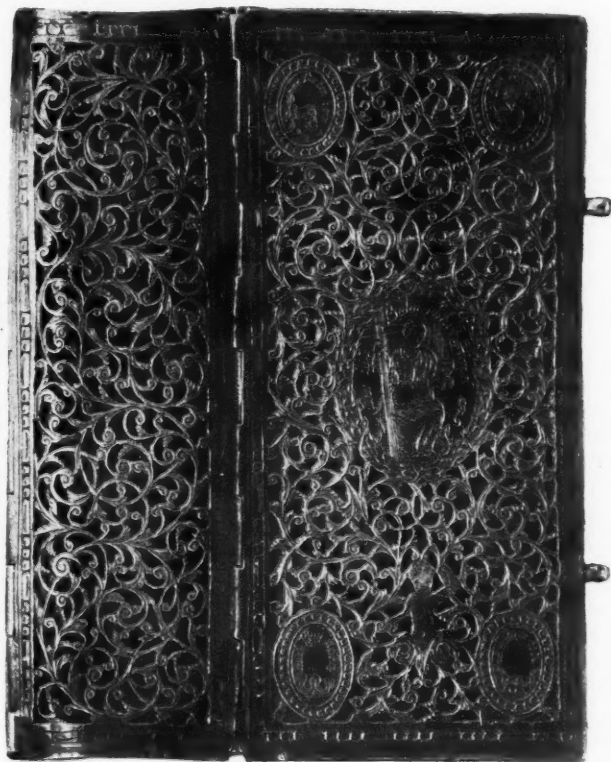


A TYPICAL SCOTTISH BINDING, 1716.

decoration which found favour with the earlier master of the craft. This style was known as *à la fanfare*, in which school Nicholas and Clovis Eve acquired a name of world-wide reputation. The *dentelle* pattern followed, so called by reason of its resemblance to lace. The greatest rival of the Eves in graceful and artistic workmanship in France was Le Gascon—a very Junius of the bibliopegistic world, for of the man himself we know next to nothing. M. Léon Gruel, a well known authority on the history of bookbinding, inclines to the belief that Le Gascon was but another name for Florimond Badier, whose signed work bears a strong resemblance to that ascribed to Le Gascon. A host of brilliant workers followed, among whom the most noteworthy were Macé Ruet and his son Antoine, the Padeloups, and the Deromes, Bozérian, Duru, Capé, Simier, the famous Bauzonnet, and in recent years Marius-Michel and Gruel and Engelmann.

In Italy the great example of Maioli was followed for but a comparatively short period. No rival ever rose to challenge even for a moment his artistic supremacy, and in about the middle of the seventeenth century bookbinding of a really ornate kind had already ceased to be produced.

With regard to England, the history of the art of fine binding has been long and full of success. As early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries she had attained a position of European pre-eminence for the binding of the old stamped work of the monastic kind; and Winchester, London and Durham were even then the centres of a well organised trade in bookbinding. The fashion of covering books with metal plaques and with silk came in about the thirteenth century, and velvet became common for a like purpose in the century following. The fifteenth century saw large migrations of printers, booksellers and stationers to this country from Germany, the Low Countries, and Normandy. These artisans brought their own stamps and tools with them, and English books of the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII bear in their ornamentation strong traces of foreign origin. The introduction of the Tudor rose into English designs at this period was perhaps the first step in a revolt

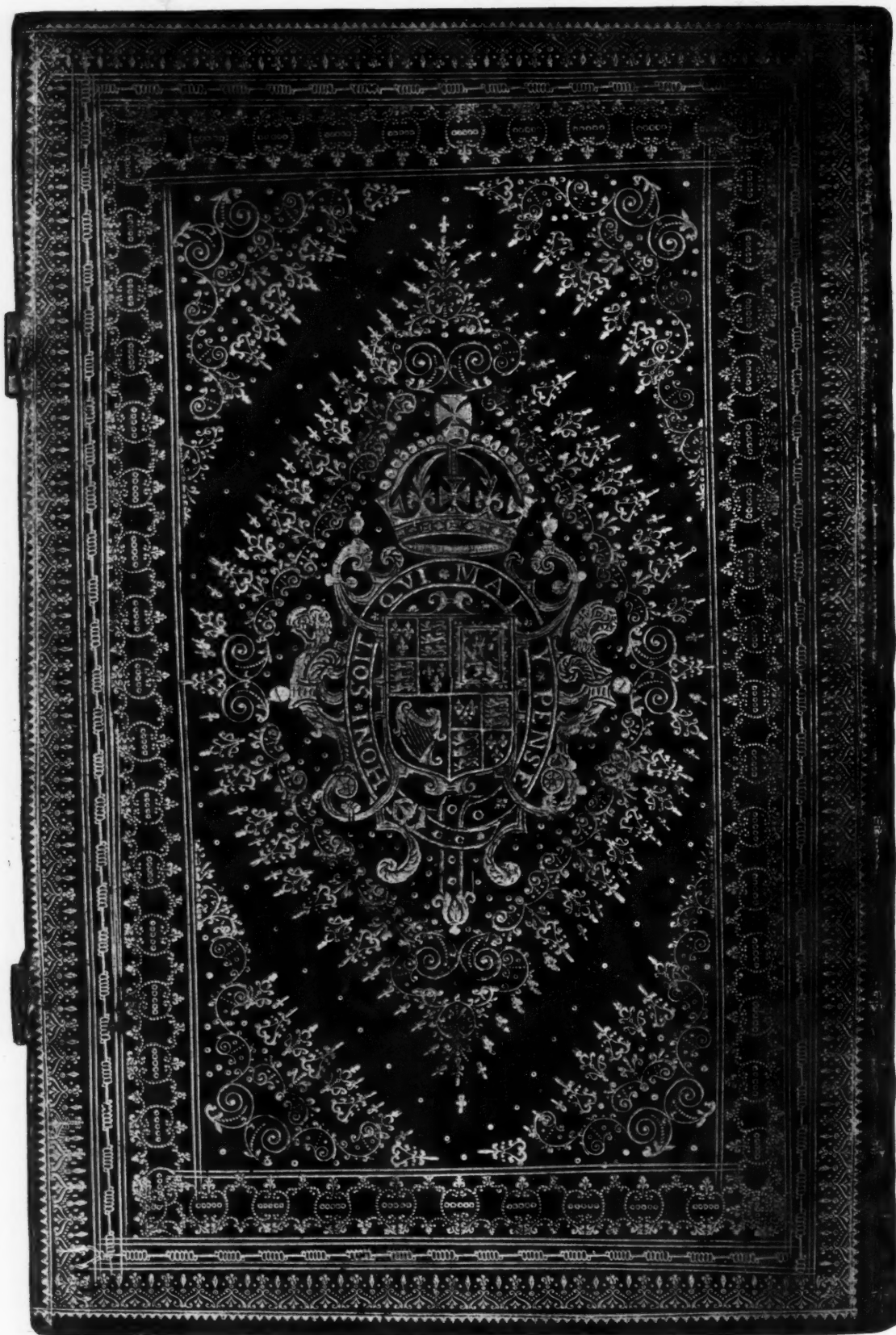


A NUREMBERG BINDING OF 1698.

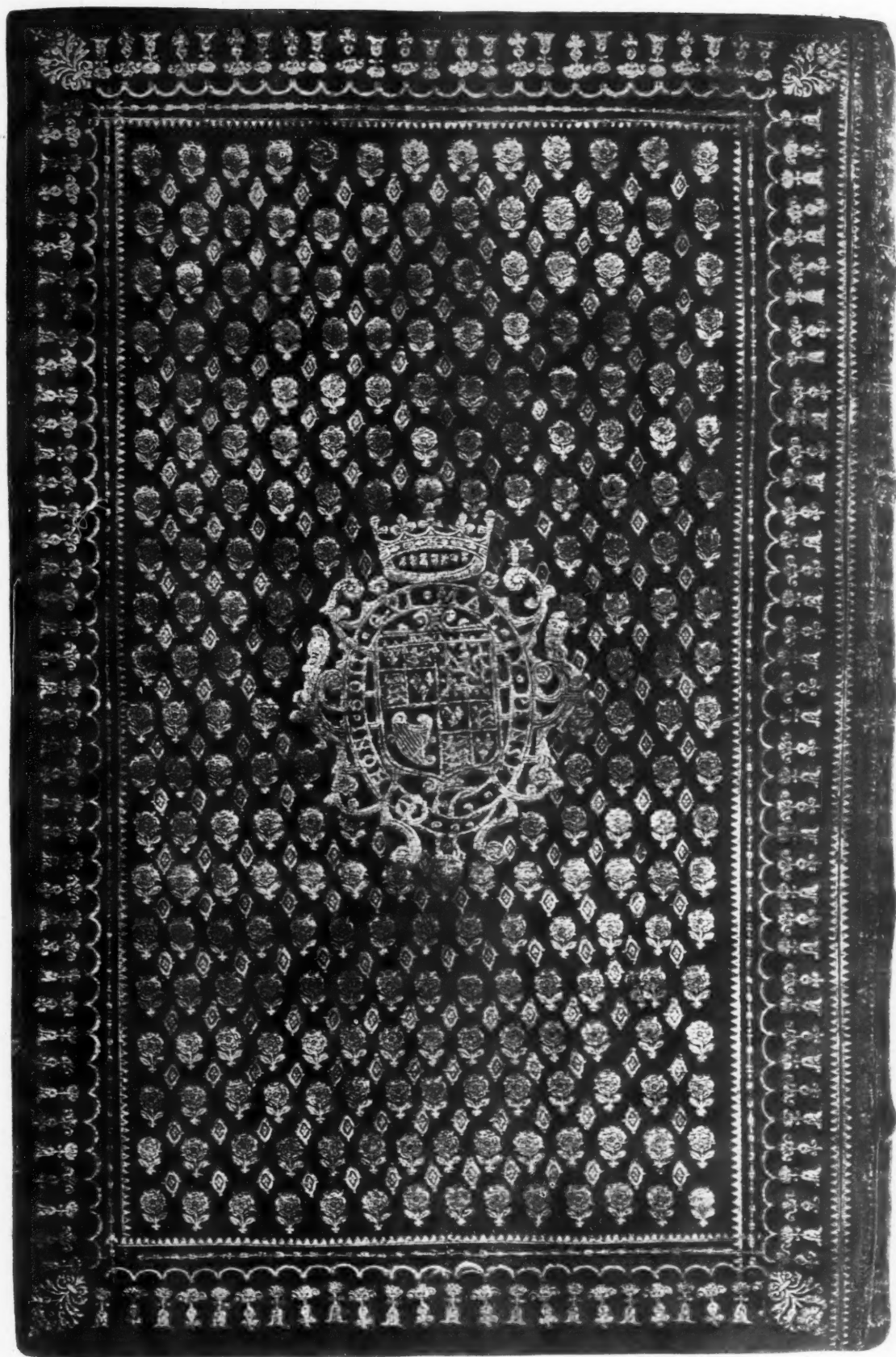
against foreign models. It was used with admirable effect by Richard Pynson and Julian Notary, both of whom were binders as well as printers. Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde also carried on the double calling. Grolieresque patterns came into England in the reign of Edward VI, the actual work being in all probability done by skilled hands imported from the Continent. One of the most notable book collectors of Tudor times, outside the royal collectors, was the Earl of Leicester, many of whose bindings were impressed with his well known device the "Bear and ragged staff." In late years James I did much to encourage good binding; and John Gibson of Edinburgh, who seems to have been royal binder to that monarch when King of Scotland, produced some artistically designed work for his patron. The

most notable binders of the next two reigns were the Mearnes, who raised the art to a very high level by means of the taking originality of their many well executed and always graceful designs.

In the eighteenth century bookbinding may be said to have taken its place as one of the English arts. Cambridge led the way into new fields of design by substituting a chemically produced variety of colour which gave the appearance of inlaid work. The "Harleian" bindings followed, the leading character of which was a broad tooled border surrounding an ornamental centre panel. Thomas Hollis then endeavoured to devise patterns appropriate to the special character of the contents of the book itself. Roger Payne, one of the greatest of English



IN BLACK MOROCCO, ELABORATELY GILT, WITH THE ARMS OF CHARLES I, 1635.



A BINDING IN OLIVE MOROCCO, WITH ARMS OF CHARLES I AS PRINCE OF WALES, 1623.

binders, adopted the same scheme, but in a more modified form; and in our own day Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who at one time certainly attached much importance to emblematic design, has produced some most exquisite examples of what may be done in that direction. Roger Payne, who died in extreme poverty in 1797, was succeeded by many worthy artists, such as John Mackinlay, H. Walther, Chas. Hering, Baumgarten, Kalthoeber, Holloway, Leighton, Chas. Lewis and Clarke. Among this galaxy of bibliopegistic talent was one who is now rarely mentioned, David Dymott, who produced some of the most graceful and satisfactory bindings executed between the time of the Mearnes and his own. He flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The eighteenth century Dublin binders should not be forgotten here; the greatest of whom, Abraham Bradley, was the designer of many works equal in every respect to the finest bindings of the Mearnes.

Of recent or still living English binders, the most notable names are Bedford, Robert Rivière, Zaehnsdorf, de Coverly, Cobden-Sanderson, and Sutcliffe and Sangorski.

Verbal description of fine bookbindings is difficult to appreciate unless one be familiar with the terminology of the craft, but anyone desirous of seeing with his own eyes the astounding and ever-varying beauty of the work of many of the binders mentioned in this article should procure a copy of "A Catalogue of English and Foreign Bookbindings offered for

sale by Bernard Quaritch, Limited, 1921," a truly wonderful collection of finely bound books, over 300 in number. It is profusely illustrated throughout. A few specimens from this work are reproduced here.

No. 323. Göbel (Sebastian). [Prayer and Hymn book of M. Luther], 1698, in a contemporary silver binding. A form of book cover made use of pretty frequently in former times, but now rarely used. It was the work of the silversmith rather than of the bookbinder.

No. 64. Bible. Edinburgh, 1716, 2 volumes. The pattern on each volume differs from the other. The illus-

tration represents Volume 1. It is a typical example of Scotch binding. The art seems to have expired in Scotland about 1750.

No. 36. Selden (J.). *Mare Clausum* . . . Lond. MDCXXXV. In black morocco. The arms of Charles I form the centrepiece of an intricate but excellently balanced "all-over" design. A characteristic binding of the period.

No. 34. Grimestone (Edw.). *The Imperiall Historie* . . . First written in Spanish by Pedro Mexia . . . Lond. 1623. Bound in contemporary olive morocco, with the arms of Charles I as Prince of Wales.

EGG-RAIDING AT THE FARNE ISLANDS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY R. FORTUNE, F.Z.S.



SANDWICH TERNS AND ROSEATE TERNS ON THE FARNE ISLANDS.

THE Farne Islands are the most important breeding haunt of wild-fowl on the English coasts. They are celebrated not only for the enormous number of birds frequenting them during the breeding season, but also for the great variety of species which make up this great congregation. It is the only place in the British Isles south of the Border where the eider duck nests and the lovely roseate tern finds here its only English home; it is celebrated, too, in being the only locality upon the East Coast where the great grey seal breeds; the Scillies furnish what is probably the only other English breeding ground of these fine creatures. Hitherto the islands have been well preserved by the Farne Islands Association. They have furnished sufficient funds to maintain a staff of watchers during the breeding season and the birds have benefited very considerably by their efforts.

Unfortunately, the preservation of the birds has become much more difficult. Unless the state of things which prevailed during the nesting season of 1921 is altered, there is great danger of losing one of the greatest features, viz., the nesting colonies of terns. For this state of things many of the fishermen of the adjacent fishing villages on the mainland are chiefly responsible. Ever since I have known the islands—a period of over thirty years—they have always been imbued with the idea that the birds are there solely to be exploited by them, and that they have the right to convey as many visitors to them as they like and also to help themselves to the eggs as freely as they have a mind. The tourist traffic, until this year, has not been a serious menace, small parties have hitherto visited the islands in sailing cobsles, which

frequently, owing to the absence of wind, had to be rowed one way or the other, sometimes both. These visits would absorb the best part of a day in making a tour of the islands, and landing upon any of them would be for a comparatively short time; and as the parties were small the watchers could easily control them and the birds were not long away from their eggs or young, consequently little harm was done.

Now a number of fishermen have acquired large motor boats with which they carry over a considerable number of passengers at a time; they also make more than one journey a day, and are there quite early in the morning, and bring parties over in the evening, a state of things previously unknown. On one day this year 200 people landed on the Brownsman, only a tiny island, and on one Sunday morning I counted forty-five people wandering haphazard all over the tern colony, a very congested area, where Sandwich, common, Arctic and roseate terns were breeding. The watchers (unfortunately, the Farne Islands Association have lost their experienced men, and since the war have had to do their best with men, estimable enough, whose knowledge of the birds and their ways is of the slightest) seemed to have the idea that they are there to act as showmen and, instead of restraining visitors, accompanied them among the eggs and young birds, picking one up here and there for exhibition. One boy I saw pocket several eggs, but as they were addled I did not interfere. This island was strewn with addled eggs, as a result brought about by the continued excessive disturbance of the birds.

If the islands are to retain their ancient renown as a sanctuary, some means must be devised to prevent these crowds of visitors wandering over the nesting areas. No doubt this is a matter for expense, and it should not be left to the voluntary efforts of a small number of naturalists to evolve, if possible, more effective measures. One reads of subscriptions being obtained of some hundreds of pounds to purchase small areas of woodlands to form sanctuaries for some of the commoner inland birds; how much more needful is it that such an important breeding centre as the Farne Islands should be made secure from present day vandalism. They should be in the hands of a national authority so that effective measures may be taken to see the birds are not molested and to enable them to retain all their ancient prestige as one of the foremost breeding haunts of wild fowl in the kingdom, and it is in the hope that some such movement may be organised that this article is penned.

It may not be amiss to enumerate the various species nesting. The lesser black back gull is found in vast numbers on practically every island. Since the war their eggs have been ruthlessly taken and distributed for food; this has continued up to date, with the result that very few young have been hatched. The collecting has been persisted in with a view of keeping the numbers of the gulls in check; yet, despite the fact that it has now been going on some years, the gulls do not seem to be there in any less numbers than formerly. I am quite convinced that the continual egg gathering is not to the benefit of the other species on the isles. The gulls, not having their time taken up with family matters, have more opportunities to get into mischief, and they seem to avail themselves of it to the full. If it is necessary to curtail the hatch of young gulls, I would suggest that, after the first laying of eggs is taken, the eggs in the second nests should be pricked and rendered infertile, allowing the birds to sit upon them until they tire of the job. This I am sure would help to keep them out of mischief. Scattered among the black backs are a small proportion of herring gulls, but these do not find ideal sites for nesting, as they prefer cliffs to flat islands. Greater black backs are always about, but do not nest; they are chiefly immature birds. A pair or two of common gulls have nested from time to time, the only place in England where they have attempted to do so. The delightful and lovely kittiwake occupies every available site among the cliffs of the Staples Island and the Pinnacles, and in 1919 they formed a new colony on some small cliffs on the Brownsman, and this year they have overflowed to the Farne and the Outer Wideopens, where a few pairs have nested.

Eider ducks have inhabited the islands since the time of St. Cuthbert, who took them especially under his protection. They nest practically on every island, and many of the sitting birds are exceedingly tame.

Cormorants have a considerable colony on the outlying Megstone, where there were about 200 nests in 1921. In some seasons they are washed off this rock and then resort to either the Wamses, Harcars, or Outer Wideopens. Shags are always about in numbers, but chiefly immature birds; they do not nest, as the cliffs do not provide the accommodation they love. Puffins have increased wonderfully and their burrows riddle the surface of all suitable islands. The comical little chaps may be seen sitting all round their nesting areas and the surrounding sea is dotted all over with them.

Guillemots are found in the cliffs of Staples Island and the flat tops of the Pinnacle rocks with their crowds of birds which are celebrated all over the world. A fair sprinkling of the ringed variety may always be seen among them. A number of guillemots, strange to say, are always to be found nesting among the cormorants. Razorbills do not find sites suitable for them; they prefer a crevice or a cranny in which to deposit their egg (quite at variance with the guillemot, who prefers an open ledge), and as these are not to be found in the cliffs of the Farnes only a few pairs are to be seen nesting on the open ledges of the Outer Wideopens.

The great glory of the Farnes is the immense colonies of terns. Here we find the finest colony of the handsome sandwich tern in the British Isles. Arctics are generally in immense numbers, and until 1921 the common tern formed only a small proportion of the smaller species. In 1921, they, however, vastly outnumbered the Arctics; indeed, at the time of my visit, the first fortnight in July, we did not see, after a most careful search, more than twenty pairs of Arctics. Miss Best, who had paid an earlier visit to the islands, informs me that there were a good number of Arctics about then. In all my experience I never saw anything like the numbers of common terns nesting as there were in 1921, or so few Arctics. Of the lovely roseate, the greatest number I have ever identified as nesting in one season is eight pairs. In 1921 I found seven pairs, all with young a day or two old.

The headquarters of the terns has always been the Knoxes Reef, with considerable colonies on the Inner Wideopens and Brownsman, a smaller one on the Longstone, and since 1919 about 100 pairs on the Farne. On the Knoxes the nests were so congested as to make it impossible for an inexperienced person to walk about without treading upon eggs or young birds.

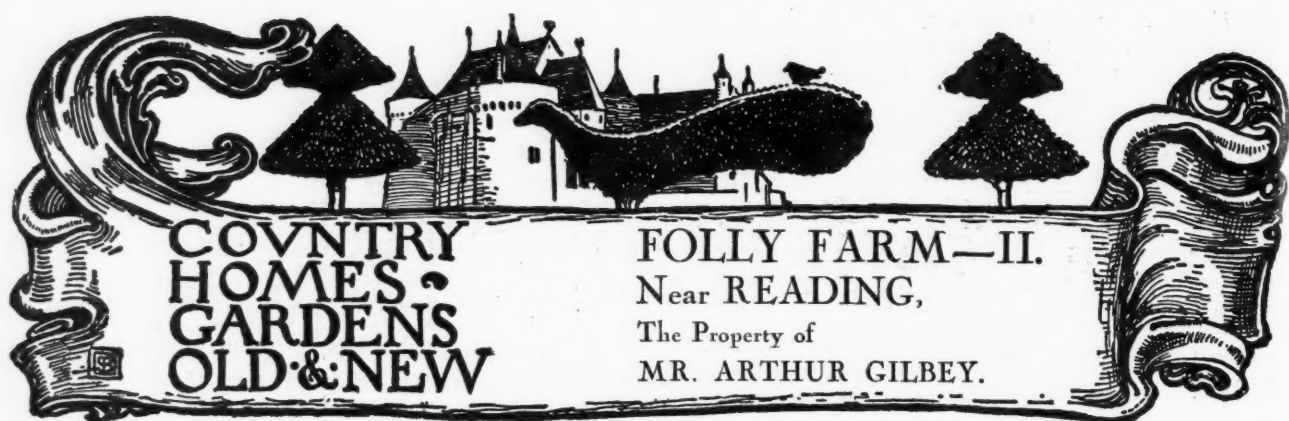
In 1920 the Association decided to prohibit visitors landing here owing to the destruction they caused, and so that the birds should not be disturbed. The apparent result was that the birds last year left the Knoxes in a body and went to the Brownsman. In July only about twenty pairs of Arctics and Sandwich were nesting there instead of the usual thousands, and they had apparently returned late to their old love from the Brownsman. The real cause of this exodus was probably the nesting for the first time in my recollection of a number of lesser black-backs on the Knoxes Reef.

The terns in 1921 had rather a bad time, and dead young birds were literally strewn all over the breeding areas; the herring shoals were missing and food of suitable size seemed to be unobtainable, for the old birds continually brought in fish much too large for the tiny mites to tackle; in many cases flat fish were brought, with the result that dead and dying young were to be seen on all sides. The worst state prevailed on the Brownsman, and I am convinced that the abnormal number of visitors landing there helped considerably to bring about this unfortunate state of affairs.

Oyster-catchers are very abundant on the islands, and a few pairs of ring plovers may always be found nesting, while rock pipits may be seen on all sides. After the departure of the breeding hosts the islands are visited and used as a resting place by great numbers of rare and interesting migrants and wild-fowl.



THE FARNES ARE THE ONLY PLACE SOUTH OF THE BORDER WHERE THE EIDER DUCK NESTS.
Eider duck and young among guillemots.



ON the accompanying plan the growth of Folly Farm can easily be traced. To recapitulate what we described at greater length last week, the original farm was a half-timber cottage, occupied on the plan by the billiard and sitting rooms, and the first addition, a house of Georgian style containing the hall and a passage joining the two wings; of these, the one abutting on to the original cottage contained a kitchen, offices and dining-room, while in the further one were the stairs, entrance and drawing-room, as is still the case. As we might expect, the decoration in this part of the interior is Georgian in its general lines. The hall, its walls a glossy black and woodwork white, has a big coved ceiling (Fig. 10). In the centre of either end wall is an internal window lighting a passage, and opening on to little balconies of *Chinoiserie* painted red. Originally the whole scheme of decoration was dependent on two lacquer cabinets, as can be seen in the illustration. With changes of ownership, however, they have disappeared, and the severity of the black walls has been mitigated by the hanging of pictures upon them. This by some might be censured, had they never seen the pictures; but once seen—they are original water-colours by Wheatley, Ibbotson and Hamilton—it is admitted that the loss

of atmosphere occasioned by breaking up the wall space, is amply repaid by the beauty of the pictures, shown up in all their freshness by the black setting. The pictures are such an outstanding feature of Folly Farm that the reader may now and then tolerate a digression describing one or other of them. In the hall, for instance, there are two Wheatley landscapes, large for water-colours, in which trees and rocks are rendered with the flat meticulousity of Girtin, and much of the softness of Bonington. Landscape, for landscape's sake, was, however, a rare adventure with Wheatley. Much more typical of him in his gentle daily gait is a charming little picture of a girl, dressed in the bright clean colours that he loved, carrying on her head a great, shiny brown pitcher, while two children and a dog go beside her, and blue smoke, rising against the heavy foliage of elm trees, is wafted by an evening zephyr towards a somewhat watery sunset. Such fresh little masterpieces show bright against the black walls.

The boudoir (Fig. 9), shown as a sitting-room on the plan, opens off the hall, and is of small size. So, although another door opens direct upon the terrace, like that of the library shown in Fig. 1, even in winter this apartment keeps quite warm. Decoration is confined to the fireplace end, where the



chimneypiece is flanked by two projecting cupboards set in the angles of the wall. The design of their glass doors, as to the two unexpected tulip-shaped panes, is one of these little touches that Sir Edwin Lutyens gives to his work, preventing it from being mistaken for mere reproduction. In the cupboard on the left is an excellent Staffordshire doll's tea-set, white, with little blue and gold trefoils powdered over it, formerly

"The Discovery," and "A Lover's Anger," with a poem of Prior's, in which the incident occurs, written on the back.

Wheatley was a master of soft cleanliness. Every colour in his pictures is pure and gentle as the lasses he portrays; not that he is remarkably true to nature—his romantic conventions are as strong as any classic bonds that fettered Claude or Verrio. But he is always sincere and, though his damsels are of a type,



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2.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the property of Mrs. Cochran of Swakeleys, in whose possession it had been for close on ninety years. Above the chimneypiece are a galaxy of original Hamilton water-colours, with the engravings of which we are probably familiar. The four oval ones represent four kinds of harvest, while another one shows chubby little maids averting modest eyes from a pool where bathe little boys as chubby. The other walls are mostly Wheatley's; among them the companion pictures, "Love in a Mill" and

he is always fresh. Save for the absence of plaid, any of his paintings could be taken as illustrations to Burns. Of all the charming pictures at Folly Farm, perhaps the prettiest is one that shows the "Return from the Fields." Beyond a rocky burn, spanned by a bridge of rustic workmanship, lies a corn field, whence all but a few of the sheaves have been carried. A fair reaper has just crossed the bridge, a sickle in one hand, a scarlet cloak hanging upon her arm, for the autumn evening is

yet warm. In the other hand she carries a basket covered by a napkin. For all her toil she swings along at a pace that becomes her simple surroundings, though it would brook comment at Ranelagh and cause a stampede in the Pantheon. And how beautiful she is! No high born sitter to Sir Thomas Lawrence can boast of features more regular, a face more oval, nor a skin that surpasses hers in softness; her golden-curls escape on one side the white bounds of her lawn cap, and, her head a little on one side, her blue eyes look anxiously before her. Surely, she hurries to a trysting place in some deep lane, or why does she wear a bodice so brown, or an orange kirtle, half covered by her swan-white apron? Why pays she so small regard to her little brother who jogs wearily at her side? Why do her lips smile so wistfully? It is a pretty picture, but one exquisitely beautiful, too.

The old house in the original arrangement of rooms was occupied by the kitchen and offices. To-day, however, it contains Mr. Gilbey's room, a simple and comfortable apartment, of which the gems are contained in a little William and Mary china cabinet with scrolled legs. Yet those gems are not china, but books, which have already been described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in *COUNTRY LIFE* under the dates December 3rd and 17th, 1921. Mr. Gilbey's taste for delicate little

a little splash, immediately followed by a much greater one and—no more Prout.

In the lobby, through which you pass on your way from the smoking-room to the newer house, hang more sporting water-colour paintings. From an artistic point of view the best are two glorious mellow landscapes by S. Alken. In one of them, with mounted sportsmen of the last decade of the eighteenth century in the foreground, we look down a vale, the land gently falling before our feet. It is a good open, rolling country, with coppices and a spire in the distance. It must be the Vale of Sheepwash before Handley Cross was developed, and those hounds be the trencher-fed pack whose successors did such great things, and that tall man be Michael Hardy himself.

The wing corresponding to the drawing-room, formerly containing the dining-room, is now occupied by the library, a pleasant little room panelled in unvarnished pinewood. Behind it steps lead down into the corridor that runs parallel with the loggia and conveys us to the new dining-room. This dining-room (Fig. 6) is, perhaps, the chief feature of Folly Farm. As an example of arrangement as to its architectural or domestic features it cannot very heartily be commended. Though it has two bow windows, one looking south over the blue and purple garden, the other looking west, and two little windows



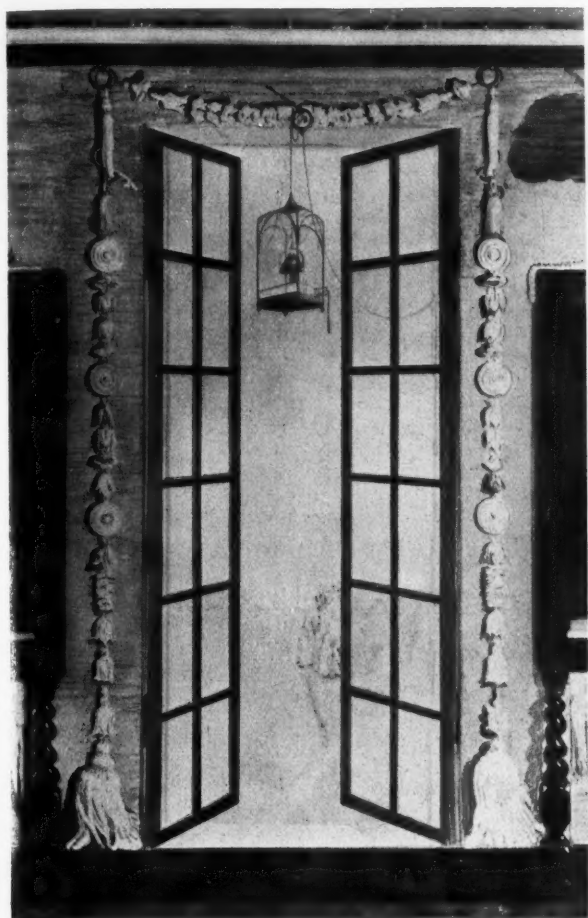
Copyright. 3.—THE DINING-ROOM, WITH MURAL DECORATION BY MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON "COUNTRY LIFE."

water-colours, some of which we have examined above, is, however, but a side issue with him, as any fisherman knows. An excellent judge of a dry point, Mr. Gilbey has no rival with a dry fly, and he inherits his father's passion for all works of art bearing upon his hobby. His library, which contains most of the *incunabula* of angling literature, cannot be surpassed, and his collection of original Alkens, Howitts and Pollards is equalled probably by no collection in the world. This combination of angler and art collector is epitomised by an object that hangs in a case in this room—Turner's fishing rod. One suspects that "J. M. W." was not a great fisherman; a little too impatient, a little too excitable. There is, unfortunately, no picture of that great nose bent low over a reel, but there is here an excellent caricature of Prout fishing, by F. Tayler. Prout had a red face and red hair, and a big nose that would seem to have been put on upside down. In this picture his little eyes are starting out of his head with excitement and the corners of his mouth rise up to meet them with glee. A handkerchief is bound about his head, but an immense straw hat very high in the crown surmounts the handkerchief. He is dressed in a dun-coloured suit, black gloves, somewhat long in the fingers, and knee boots for wading, over the tops of which the water is like soon to come flowing in, for with bent knees he is craning forward . . . forward. We expect every moment to hear

giving upon the loggia, it is dark. The fireplace, too, an abnormally large one, is set in the western wall close up against the end wall, so that the semicircle of heat which should radiate from the hearth is here diminished to a quadrant or half of its proper extent.

But it is Mr. William Nicholson's decoration of the room that claims our attention. Although Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Nicholson discussed the painting, the room was originally designed for normal decoration. Thus it is that this, their first collaboration, did not start under the most favourable of auspices; for instance, the cornice and the wainscot board, though necessary for the good appearance of an ordinary room, and never omitted by an architect, could, none the less, have been eliminated, but by their presence caused no little trouble to the designer. But, surely, you may say, a design could be evolved that would incorporate these little features. You are correct, but the mere fact of these features being realities involves the designer at once in the most formidable of his difficulties, namely, to draw a distinct, decisive and definite line between realism and decoration.

This brings us up against a fundamental question: What is the object of frescoes in a living-room? Or let us simplify the issue by leaving out the word "fresco," which perhaps connotes something more grand, and substituting "mural



4.—A PAINTED WINDOW.

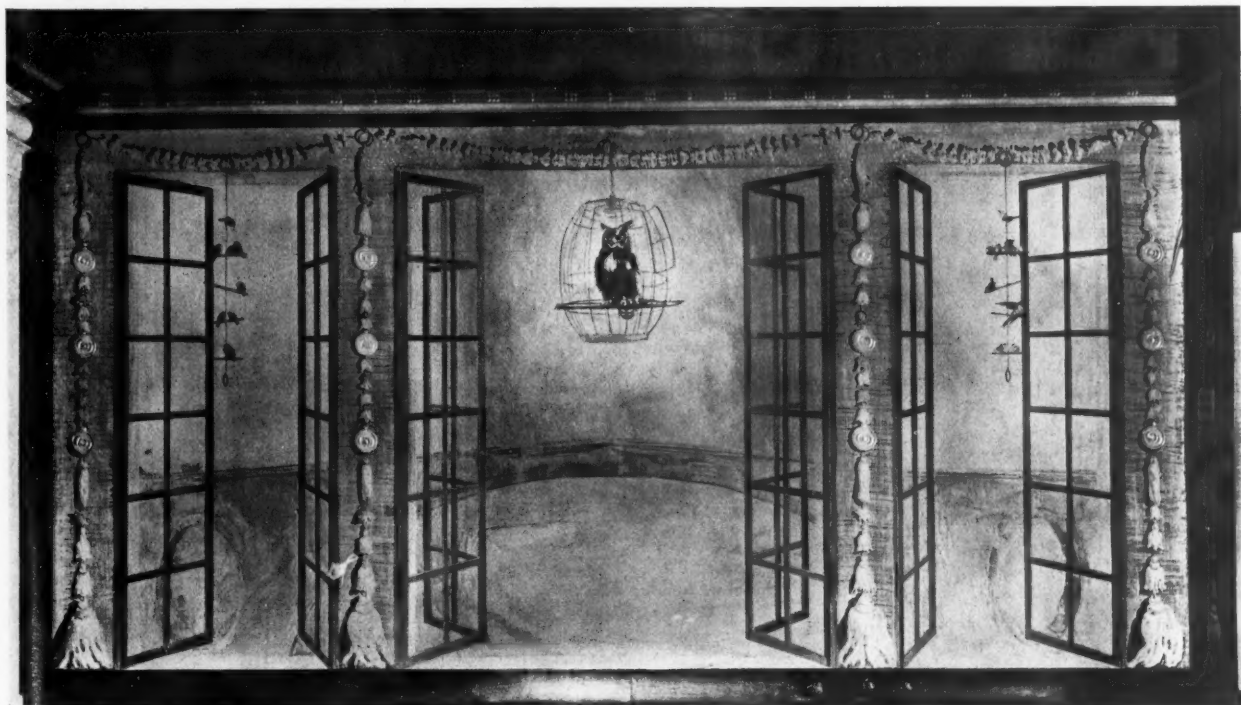


5.—A CURTAINED WINDOW.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

decoration." This substitution may at first sight seem to answer the question. "It is to decorate," you say. But, how is it to decorate? Is the decoration to appeal to our emotions by representing beautiful objects, as did Greek frescoes? Or to our memories by portraying scenes from literature, as the Roman and Renaissance paintings did? Or to religion, as Egyptian and mediæval church frescoes? Or to our virtues, as patriotism, temperance and charity? Is the object of mural decoration objective, is it to portray actualities? Or is

it to be subjective? It is very doubtful, if you had to live in one of the cells of St. Marco, painted by Fra Angelico, whether these objective decorations would have any effect on you, after the first month, more pleasant than would, say, a flat wash of your favourite colour. Psychologists would probably tell you that a plain red wall has a far greater effect on your mind than the most stirring representation of battles or revel, and a black one with silver stars on it than Titian or Rubens at their most sensual.

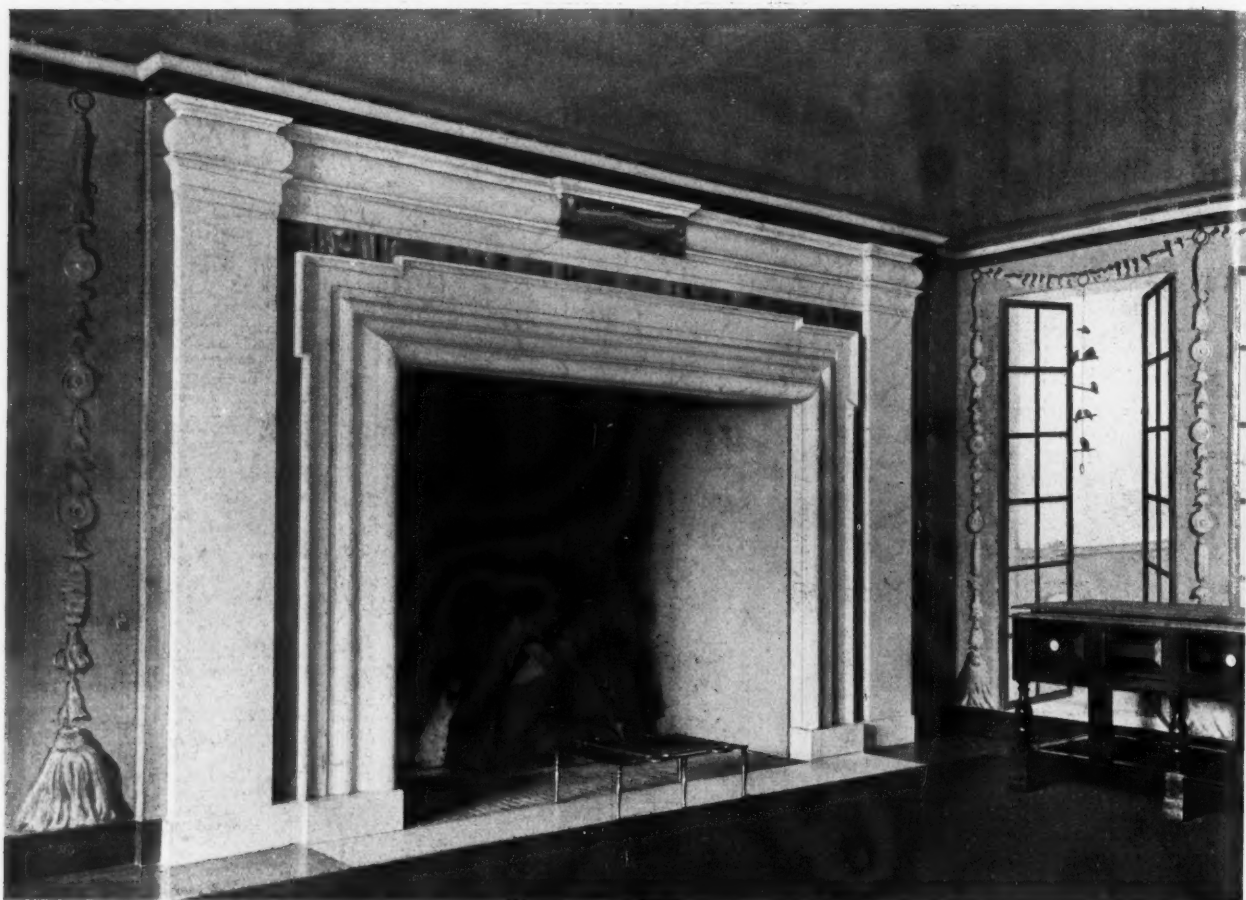


6.—THE NORTH END OF THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

General colour, biscuit; the windows vermilion, and the bridge a faint blue grey.

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7.—THE DINING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

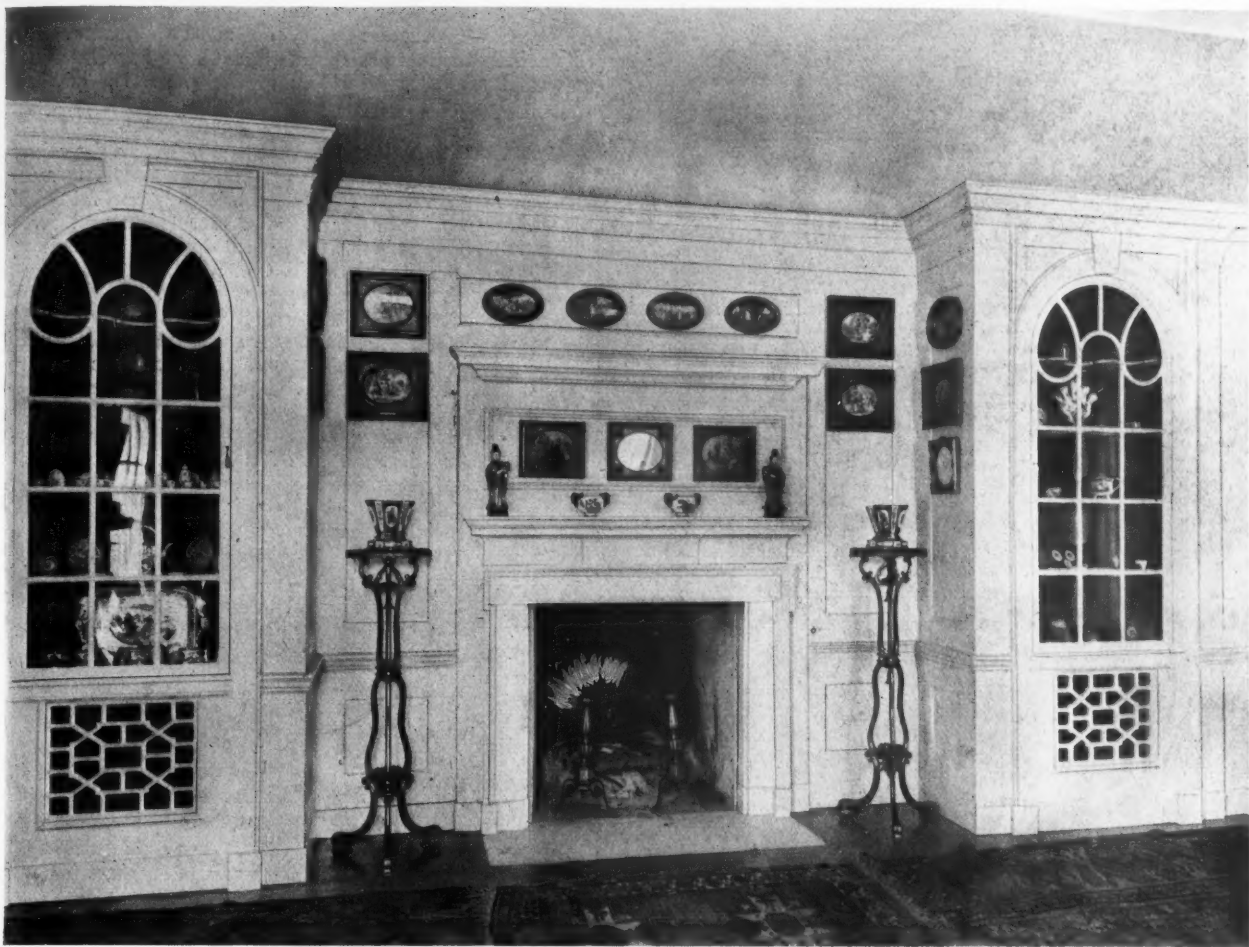
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE LIBRARY, PANELLLED IN UNVARNISHED PINE-WOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—THE SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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10.—THE HALL, BLACK AND WHITE, WITH A GREY CARPET; THE BALCONY RED.

"C.L."



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11.—1 BEDROOM FIREPLACE.

"C.L."



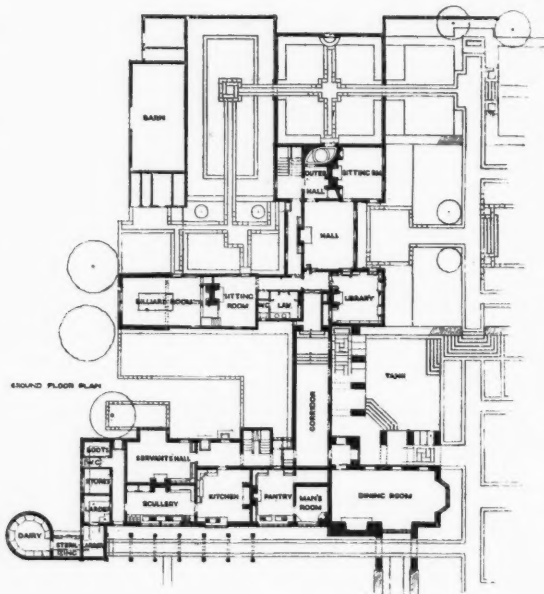
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12.—A WILLIAM AND MARY CHIMNEYPIECE.

"C.L."

In fact, the purely subjective is more effective for emotional purposes than the merely objective. But nobody wants to be disturbed, as they sit at their food by any emotions incident to the decoration of their dining-room. That is one reason why the majority of people use wallpapers.

But even wallpapers, unless you have a flat colour wash, must be realistic to some degree. They must represent something. The question, as we remarked above, therefore arises, to what extent is mural decoration to be realistic? We have decided, or, anyhow, given reasons for deciding, that plain colour is more effective than pictures as large as the walls. But it is not so decorative. The most pleasant scheme would therefore seem to be a mixture of both, of decoration with realism. That is to say, a use of realistic objects, yet treated subjectively and purely as incidents in a scheme of decoration. It is this balance that must be so finely struck. If a window is painted, it must not be so like a window that you feel a fool for mistaking it for one. If you paint a parrot, it must be obviously a painted parrot and one that will provoke not even the most short-sighted into saying "Pretty Polly." This is quite easy to do. But when, mixed up in your design and incidental to the space on which you paint it, you



13.—PLAN. THE TOP IS DUE EAST.

find tangible objects like real windows and real cornices, how are you to treat them?

These were the questions that Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Nicholson had to settle. The essentials of mural decoration may, therefore, be summarised: first, to draw the line between realism and decoration; secondly, to decide on a groundwork colour that is neutral, interfering with neither of the foregoing, but still pleasing; thirdly, to work above a dado line, below which there is no incident of importance to be obscured by furniture. This last is a deduction from the room under review, where there is no dado line, and where the furniture does get in the way; it is also a reversion to the methods of the past. Mr. Nicholson himself has since come to think that the decoration is still too realistic. During the three years that were spent, off and on, in painting the room, several objects were painted out on that score. For instance, a top hat and a ladies' hat with a feather in it, painted as though they hung one either side of the southern bay window, were eliminated as being too vivid, so that the visitor would carry away nothing in his mind besides the memory of those two hats.

Of the objects suffered to remain, it is of some interest to allot them to their respective originators. The general idea of vermilion window frames looking on to a pale greeny blue landscape, of the same tone as the biscuit-coloured groundwork, and, therefore, scarcely visible in the illustrations, was Mr. Nicholson's. The birds inserted in them were Sir Edwin Lutyens' idea. The black casing of the two small (real)

windows was also his, while the twisted legs were Mr. Nicholson's, who also decided to treat the wainscot as the scarlet valance of drapery, with a black shadow beneath it, and to treat the cornice purely decoratively.

The groundwork, as we mentioned above, is of biscuit colour, with grey apparently rubbed over it with a dry brush. The result is something like birch-bark, only yellower, and very pleasant. As an example, however, of the difficulties to be encountered by the mural artist, we may cite that of "finishing off." This arises, again, at the junction of the real and the decorative, at the point, on the left of Fig. 3, where the western bay window juts out from the wall. The artist decided not to paint the bay walls, but how was he to finish off the fresco at the angle? In the case of the small windows (Fig. 5), an objective method was employed—they were encased in a black frame suggesting cabinets. Here he pursued the opposite tack, and,

ignoring realism, simply suggested, in half tone, the festoon *motif* in silhouette. By looking at the place—on the left of Fig. 3—you can see a faint shadow on the wall of the bay. Actually, it is a little darker than the illustration shows, but the mere fact of its being faint indicates the artist's object: namely, to satisfy your eye, and soften the abruptness of the cessation by, as it were, a visible echo of the rest of the work. In terms of realism this pseudo-shadow means nothing, but its presence makes all the difference decoratively. And, as we have pointed out before, Mr. Nicholson was confining himself to decoration; the realism he left to Sir E. Lutyens, as architect. We dwelt at some length last week upon Sir Edwin's exterior work, but have been somewhat remiss with his work inside. Suffice it, however, to say that every detail of the interior, no less than the outside, has received the architect's consideration, with the usual happy results.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE RATING AND TAXATION OF WOODLANDS

BY ALFRED J. BURROWS, F.S.I.

THE anomalies and injustice of the existing system of the rating and taxation of woodlands have long been notorious. The basis on which woods are rated is derived from the Rating Act of 1874, and may be usefully set out here. Woods are classified under three heads:

1. Land used only as a plantation or a wood.
2. Land used for the growth of saleable underwood.
3. Land used both for a plantation or a wood, and also for the growth of saleable underwood.

In the first case the Act lays down that the value is to be estimated as if the land "*were let and occupied in its natural and unimproved state.*"

For woods of the second description—those devoted to the production of saleable underwood—the value is to be estimated "as if the land were let for that purpose."

In the third, and probably the most common case, that of composite woods, either of the two foregoing principles of assessment may be adopted, "as the Assessment Committee may determine."

Now the difficulty arises in the conception of land "let and occupied in its natural and unimproved state." It must be imagined as pure primeval waste land—unfenced, undrained, without roads, and without anything on it that has been put there by the agency of man.

Assessment committees have almost invariably been exceedingly obstinate about giving due effect to the directions laid down for them in assessing woods which have to be rated under this formula. It may, indeed, be said that they often deliberately ignore the aspect of the case presented by the phrase "natural and unimproved state." The central authorities are well aware of this, and have from time to time issued admonitory circulars to assessment committees setting out the correct principles on which they should proceed. The latest is dated January 5th this year, and is issued by the Ministry of Health (Circular No. 274). It is mainly a repetition of earlier publications. It may be safely anticipated that it will "lie on the table" of the committees, as other similar circulars have done, and it will, no doubt—and, perhaps, properly—be left to any aggrieved woodland owner to initiate his appeal on his assessment, with the cold comfort of a further appeal to quarter-sessions, and all the attendant expenses, if he is not satisfied with the result.

Committees know well that an owner will hesitate before embarking upon the somewhat heavy costs of such an appeal, necessitating the employment of solicitors, counsel and surveyors, and take an unfair advantage of this knowledge. They sometimes have a peculiarly irritating way of fixing the assessment just above what it ought to be, to the extent of a shilling or so per acre, thinking the owner will not appeal against such a comparatively small injustice.

What is the rental value of land "let and occupied in its natural and unimproved state"? It may be compared to hill, moor or other rough land and may range from sixpence to half-a-crown an acre. Yet it is quite common to find woods which ought to be dealt with on this basis assessed at 10s. and more per acre. It has been held that (except in the case of sporting severed from the occupation of the land, and let) the value should be taken as enhanced by the sporting rights. But it has been established in a Quarter Sessions' case (*Smith v. Thetford Union*) that the sporting value should only be that of waste land, and not that attributable to woods fenced, planted and improved.

Agricultural land, tithe and woodlands, are only rateable upon one-fourth their annual value to the general district and similar rates, on the ground that they do not receive the same measure of benefit from the public services supported by those rates as other classes of property do. But in the case of the much more serious poor rate, while agricultural land is rated at only one-half its annual value, woodlands are rated at their full value. Surely woodlands should receive treatment at least equal with agricultural land.

Normally, woods in hand are assessed to both Schedules A and B income tax—Schedule A in respect of their supposed annual value to the owner, and Schedule B in respect of their still more doubtful annual value to a hypothetical tenant. This means that in reality the owner is paying double income tax.

Again, the assessment to Schedule A is usually the same as that for rating, which, as has been shown, includes the sporting value. The vicious system is continued, for the Schedule B assessment again follows the Schedule A, so that the unfortunate owner is taxed twice on his sporting.

Timber, as such, is not rateable as a growing or secured crop. Nor was it taxable. But the result of a recent so-called concession to owners of certain woods is in effect to render liable to taxation the net proceeds of the sale of a matured crop of timber—it may be of 150 years' growth or more. It arises in this way. Owners of woods "managed upon a commercial basis" may elect to be assessed under Schedule D upon a three years' average of their net returns, including timber sales. They still have to pay under Schedule A, though the amount of that assessment may be treated as a deduction in the computation. No allowance, however, is made for the value of the timber when the transfer is made to Schedule D, so that when the timber is cut, say, in twenty years' time, the whole of its then net value has to be brought into account. Take, for example, a larch plantation sixty years old, now worth £2,500, and suppose that in twenty years' time it realises £3,250 net. It is the £3,250 that will have to be brought into account, and not the £750 increased value. But taxes and rates have already been paid during the first sixty years of the plantation's growth, so that it should be clear of liability up to that point, and all that should be taxed is the increased value accruing afterwards and after proper deductions have been made. The effect of the system now set up is in reality to tax capital, or stock-in-trade. What would a merchant say if he were asked at the end of the year to pay tax upon the amount of his sales, less expenses, without any allowance for the value of the stock with which he began the year? The principle is the same.

The assessment of land used solely for the growth of saleable underwood is, or ought to be, a simpler matter. From the average annual returns divided by the number of years' rotation, the gross return per acre is found. From this is deducted the average cost per acre of outgoings and maintenance, the result being the net return per acre—usually very small and often a minus amount, except in the case of high-class plantations in certain districts where the produce is used for special purposes.

Yet saleable underwoods are often found to be assessed at 10s. to 20s. an acre or more, and it is as difficult to induce assessment committees to reduce the figures in these cases as in others.

The position, in a few cases known to the writer, may be quoted. Any returns from timber, as not in itself rateable or taxable, as well as any labour or maintenance attributable to timber, have been, as far as possible, eliminated.

1. DEVONSHIRE.—Woods, 2,500 acres. 1921.					£	s.	d.
Receipts from coppice	219	0	0
Sporting value, estimated	100	0	0
					£	s.	d.
Rates	230	0	0
Tithe	48	0	0
					278	0	0
					£41	0	0

The cost of maintenance and management would absorb the small balance of £41 many times over, yet the owner was charged £294 income tax, Schedules A and B (excluding super tax).

2. KENT.—Woods, 922 acres. Average, 3 years to 1921.					£	s.	d.
Sale of underwood (in a hop district, where there is a special demand)	285	0	0
Sporting value—estimated 2s. per acre	92	0	0
					£	s.	d.
Rates	91	0	0
Tithe	72	0	0
Maintenance and management, about	430	0	0
					593	0	0

Average annual loss £216 0 0
 Equals 4s. 8d. per acre.
 Income tax, Schedule A paid, £53.

The owner in this case has elected to be assessed under Schedule D. The accounts, *including sales of timber and value of timber used on estate*, show a loss in every year excepting one, when there was an exceptionally large sale of timber.

3. KENT.—Woods, 147 acres. Average, 3 years to 1921.					£	s.	d.
Sales of underwood	9	4	11
Sporting value—estimated 2s. 6d. an acre	18	7	6
					£	s.	d.
Rates	10	3	5
Tithe, etc.	6	16	7
Maintenance and management	43	14	0
					60	14	0

Average annual loss £33 1 7
 Equals about 4s. 6d. per acre.
 Income tax, Schedules A and B paid, £10 6s. 9d.

Other examples showing very similar results could be given, proving that although the owner incurs a more or less heavy annual loss on his woods, sometimes even when the fall of timber is included, yet he is charged with substantial sums of income tax. Such is the effect of the existing double system of taxation, mechanically adopted from the rating.

The Finance Act of 1916 placed woodlands newly planted, or replanted after the passing of that Act, upon a satisfactory basis as far as Schedule D is concerned. An owner giving notice within one year of planting may have such woods treated as a separate property and assessed under Schedule D. He will then only be liable to tax in respect of his profits (if any) and will be entitled to claim repayment in respect of losses. But there will still remain, even upon such woods, the danger of the anomalous assessments to rating and to Schedule A.

In fairness, it should be said that a larger share of blame appears to rest upon the executive, rather than upon the legislative, authorities. For, were assessment committees to act more in accordance with the letter and spirit of the law, the woodland owners' position would be less intolerable.

The adverse effect of these burdens on the supply of home-grown timber is patent. Great Britain alone of all European countries has to depend almost entirely upon private enterprise. During the last few years the Forestry Commission has made an excellent beginning by acquiring land and carrying out afforestation schemes, and grants are made to owners who will themselves carry out the planting or re-planting of woodlands.

The whole subject of assessment of woodlands is complex and difficult. The Royal Commission of 1920 on the Income Tax say "our investigations have led us to the belief that there are few more difficult subjects of assessment than woodlands."

Difficult though it may be, woodland owners have long since established an exceedingly strong case for redress. Some have sought it by throwing down the fences of their woods, adding them to the adjoining farms and charging the tenants no rent. It may be hoped that some measure of relief may be found so as to prevent the adoption of such drastic measures to any large extent.

HORSE v. TRACTOR PLOUGHING

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT).

MR. ORWIN'S researches into the economies of the farm have led him to a careful examination of the comparative costs of ploughing, cultivating, etc., by tractor and by horse. He has set down the results of this enquiry on a Berkshire farm for the year 1919-20 in the latest issue of the *Scottish Journal of Agriculture*. Of the 400 acres of the farm about 100 acres were under the plough, and as the soils included light sand, tenacious clay and limestone brash, the average may be taken as fairly normal, but it is the comparative and not the actual figures which are important. Broadly speaking they reveal that for the year 1919-20 there was little to choose between the Titan tractor and the Shire horse as regards the actual cost of the operations performed, and Mr. Orwin sets down the natural conclusion that "the tractor must seek to justify itself through the indirect advantages accruing from its use. Tractor power enables the farmer to get work done very often at a time when horse power could not cope with it, even though horses are available and the work crying out to be done."

Let us first, however, choose some of Mr. Orwin's costs per acre and set them down in parallel, including men's wages, fuel and lubricants, repairs and depreciation for the tractor and horse maintenance, instead of fuel and lubricants, for the horse :—

			s.	d.		s.	d.
Ploughing	Tractor	42	0		Horse	45	9
Cultivating	"	8	1		"	6	1
Harrowing	"	2	9		"	2	8
Rolling	"	2	9		"	3	5
Disc harrowing	"	6	5		"	5	2

Mr. Orwin gives the detailed totals of the acreages dealt with in each way, and if we work out the "tractor acres" at the ascertained figures for the "horse acres," we find that the work done by the tractor, which cost £305, would have cost £320 if done by horses, a difference of 5 per cent. only in favour of the tractor. Allowing for discrepancies in record the result may be taken as establishing a rough equality of cost in 1919-20. But it is very unsafe to take the record of 1919-20 as throwing a true light on present conditions. The drop in the cost of maintaining a horse is greater than in the prices of oil fuel,

lubricants and spare tractor parts, and we are under the impression that the figures for the current year will show a much lower cost per acre for horse work than for tractor work. One other feature in Mr. Orwin's record calls for comment. The costing account was based on the assumption that the tractor would have a life of five years and depreciation was allowed for in the costs on that basis, which is fair and reasonable. But actual repairs were also set down in the costs, and it happened on this Berkshire farm that the driver was a man of such skill in handling his machine in the field and in doctoring it when anything went wrong that the tractor never left the farm to go to a shop for repairs during the twelve months covered by the cost account. This must be a very unusual experience. We hear sad stories from large farmers of long bills from garages for repairs which are beyond the experience and skill of farm tractor drivers. In the result there is little doubt that the enthusiasm for the tractor, which rose high during 1918-1920, is beginning to wane in the light of experience. Mr. Orwin is perfectly right in laying stress on the value of the tractor in enabling the farmer to do his spring ploughing in a season when the land has dried rapidly after a spell of wet, and when uncertain weather at harvest time makes it very valuable to work a binder at high speed behind a tractor. But, as a highly successful arable farmer recently pointed out, many of the arguments for the tractor *versus* the horse have come to us from America and Canada, where the agriculturist is far more dependent upon snatching short stretches of suitable weather for his operations than are we in a country of less violent climatic fluctuations. For all that it remains true that the advantage which the tractor confers of doing the work far faster than the horse can do it at the precisely right time is one which cannot be measured by figures in a costing account. Given special circumstances it would well pay a farmer to spend 80s. an acre on tractor ploughing at the critical moment than 45s. on horse ploughing, because the horses could not tackle or complete the task at all.

Everyone who is concerned to see the rapid development of mechanical aids to farming on sound economic lines will look forward to the results of Mr. Orwin's further researches.

CORRESPONDENCE

A "DRINK-MORE-MILK" CAMPAIGN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Members of Parliament representing agricultural areas, who are using the recess to get into touch with their constituents, find much uneasiness among milk producers. Among disquieting factors in the present situation these farmers note that the demand for milk is unequal to the supply and make recommendations designed to curtail production. May I invite your readers to consider whether, without imitating mere fussiness in transatlantic methods, the time has not come for our dairy farmers and especially farmers' organisations, to take a leaf out of the book of the American and Canadian and themselves get to work to educate the public in the nutritive value of milk? The banana was unknown in England a few years ago; to-day it is the fruit of the people—thanks to a well directed educational campaign. Milk is a far more important article of diet, and the home market for fresh milk is not one third of what it should be. In America the milk consumption per head of the population is over three quarters of a pint per day and it is increasing. In England it is less than a quarter of a pint—hardly a third of the American standard, after allowing for the difference in the size of the pint. The increased American consumption is, in the main, the result of a sound persistent educational and medical campaign. As things now stand in England we run the risk of a heavy drop in British milk production and a greater dependence on imported tinned milk. Even now we read of whole streets of English industrial towns where the milk cart is never seen. Yet, for children and, indeed, for many classes of adults, nothing can replace fresh, pure milk in nutritive value. I have before me an account of what is being done in the City of Montreal by Canadian producers and distributors and the Milk Committee of the Child Welfare Association. Five local milk companies distribute fifty half pints of milk each day in six of the schools of the city, the school commissioners co-operating. Each of twenty-five children gets a pint a day in order to test the contention of the association that youngsters thus treated become sturdier and heavier than those who do without, or with less milk. A trained social service worker employed by the Welfare Association does what is called "follow-up work," visiting the children in their homes, giving advice to parents where it is sought, and reporting by charts on the resulting benefit to the child. Every mother in the land can thus get to know what milk will do for her children. The report adds: "The plan of giving milk has been most successfully followed in the United States, and a similar campaign was also conducted in Toronto recently, with excellent results." Is there not a hint here, not for an increase of officials and official methods, but for a united effort by farmers and dairymen and their organisations? May they not by some such means bring our milk consumption per head up to a better level and greatly benefit the nation as well as the home producer and land worker.—PERCY HURD.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE DOMESTIC RAT

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A recent correspondent in your columns states that, of course, the domestic black and

white rats are descendants of the wild Norwegian species, now the common species of this country. Professor Miall, however, states in one of his works that these rats are descended from the Old English black rat. Could you obtain further opinions from your readers?—L. WALFORD.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Miss Frances Pitt, who writes: "Your correspondent's letter, referring to the supposed descent of domesticated black and white rats from the Old English black rat, shows how long it takes to eradicate a mistake. Professor Miall's statement was certainly an error. At any rate, all the tame black and white rats I have seen have been typical specimens of *E. norvegicus* (the common or brown rat), save in colour. They have the heavy build, comparatively short tail, short ears and small eyes, so familiar to us in the common rat. Mr. R. I. Pocock has stated (*Field*, June 15th, 1907) that he has never seen a fancy rat which was not an unmistakable *norvegicus*; and the late Major Barrett-Hamilton expressed the opinion that it is 'very doubtful, despite statements to the contrary, whether any of the tame rats of commerce are other than *E. norvegicus*.' ("British Mammals" page 617). As a matter of fact piebald or white specimens of the Old English black rat, *E. rattus*, are exceedingly rare, and Mr. H. C. Brooke's black-eyed white male, captured at Bristol (recently illustrated in these columns), is probably unique. In captivity the black rat is of a highly nervous disposition, quite different from the placid, easy-going temperament of the ordinary fancy rat, and much selection will have to be made before a tame race is established, though to make such a breed is the endeavour of Mr. Brooke, who is a specialist in the breeding of fancy rats. This gentleman, who has bred many thousands of fancy *norvegicus*, also agrees as to the identity of the black and white pet rat.—ED.]

THE INTERMENT OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POPE

(PROSPERO LAMBARTINI).

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The predecessor in name of the late Pope, Benedict XIV, claimed for himself a common ancestry with the Earls of Cavan, the family name of Lambart having been Italianised into Lambartini. The life of Benedict XIV, in the eighteenth century, was devoted to promoting European peace and conciliation, as was that of the Benedict mourned to-day by all men of good will. The accompanying eighteenth century print shows the taking of the body of the dead Pope to St. Peter's. The limitations of M. Picart's copperplate, "drawn at Rome," only allow indications of the procession; his letterpress supplying all omissions, and clanging with capitals. First came a "Vaunt-Guard of Horsemen, and Trumpets who sound mournfully, mounted on dapple Horses, the Housings whereof are of purple and black, but the Housings of the Vaunt-Guard are black Velvet, with Gold and Silver Fringe. Each Squadron has a Standard before it, surrounded with Kettle-Drums, which are beat with a mournful Sound." Several

battalions of Swiss Guards followed, arms reversed; then many grooms with led horses; then tall lacqueys, carrying lighted torches of yellow wax. A cross-bearer "mounted on a tall Horse, with a Caparison like a Horse prepared for Battle," preceded the litter bearing the body of the Pope, which was surrounded by twelve Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, carrying glowing flambeaux. Behind the litter came the Master of the Horse, on a black charger, then more led horses, and a "Company of Light Horse" habited in purple, after which Cuirassiers, more troops of Swiss Guard, and, finally, Carabineers with guns and gun-carriages.—G. M. G.

THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having devoted a considerable amount of time during the past three years on an investigation upon the food and feeding habits of the little owl, the full report upon which is now in the hands of the Ministry of Agriculture and will be published shortly, I feel I must take exception to the remarks of your correspondent, Mr. Harding Cox. Personally I have failed to find sufficient evidence to justify this bird being described as "a perfect pest and nuisance," a bird "which kills for the sake of killing." Neither do I agree that it "should be ruthlessly destroyed whenever and wherever opportunity may afford." The results obtained by my investigation show that it is a most beneficial bird to the agriculturist and that the small percentage of young game birds, poultry, etc., which it destroys are infinitesimal when compared with the percentage of rats, mice, voles, beetles and larvae of injurious insects. I do not advocate any special protection for this species, but if your correspondent continues to advocate ruthless destruction, such will have to be sought sooner or later.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

BRITISH HERBS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have accepted a contract to supply the medicinal trade with all we can produce here and collect from my correspondence students and others in various parts of the country of the following herbs to be used for extract making: Broad-leaved medical green sage, red or purple sage, lemon and black thyme, mint, marjoram, and parsley leaves. These are to be dried, properly prepared and bulked here. Any grower with proper facilities for drying these before forwarding to me can do so, but nothing can be accepted without a sample being first sent for approval and a definite arrangement made with supplier. Preference will be given to those who will learn to dry and prepare properly. Correspondence lessons can be given on the growing and preparation of herbs, which will greatly assist those entering on this work. It is most interesting to note that foreign dried herbs have been experimented upon, with the result that the active constituents required for the medical extracts are lacking, while British grown herbs will yield them.—M. GRIEVE, Principal, "The Whins" Medicinal and Commercial Herb School, Chalfont St. Peter.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF POPE BENEDICT XIV.

A RUFF IN A SLUM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The ruff is a rare bird at any time in the North of England, and there is no record for Lancashire in mid-winter. I was therefore rather surprised the other day to be informed that there was a bird answering this description in the midst of the poorest part of a Lancashire manufacturing town, and that it was also there all last winter, not leaving until March. The next day I went to corroborate my informant's identification and found it to be correct. The bird frequented the mud at the tail end of a derelict mill-race and, although quite tame, kept a watchful eye, not only on passers-by, but also upon numerous nondescript dogs. It was not alone, for several redshanks were also there, although the ruff drove them away from its immediate neighbourhood. It speaks well for the inhabitants of this poor and thickly populated neighbourhood, that these birds are not molested in any way.—H. W. ROBINSON.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS IN BURMA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In England it has been the custom for philanthropists to erect drinking fountains. In Burma the same idea holds good; but, instead of a fountain, great earthenware jars of



WATER FOR BURMESE WAYFARERS.

water are placed on a wooden stand under cover, and deep wooden spoons are provided for drinking. The donor has this outside his own house, and keeps it supplied with water, thereby "gaining much merit," and who would question that such an act does not deserve the smile of Buddha.—R. GORROLD.

"A FORGOTTEN COUNTRY HOME."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in your correspondent's letter in COUNTRY LIFE of January 21st, relating to "A Forgotten Country Home." I lived for years within a mile or two of this old house—always locally known as Arden Hall—which is not in Lancashire, but in Cheshire, standing as it does on the Cheshire side of the River Tame. Earwaker, in his "East Cheshire," gives the house and its connections considerable notice, and describes it as *Harden Hall*, for many generations the seat of the Arderne family, and also gives two beautiful pictures of it, one as it was about the year 1790, and the other from a sketch made in 1866. He gives the date of the erection of some part of the house, if not the whole, as 1597, this date appearing on the spout above the entrance, the same date, with the initials R.A. also appearing on the right-hand gable. The Ardernes also possessed a town house in Stockport (a few miles away), a fine old timber and plaster building, in the Underbank, now in the occupation of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank. The Arderne family appear to have been connected with this part of Cheshire from about the year 1349.—E. E. T.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With regard to the letters about Harden Hall, your first correspondent speaks about a modern farmhouse and cottage in close



BACK VIEW OF HARDEN HALL IN 1866. FROM EARWAKER'S "EAST CHESHIRE."

proximity. These are by no means modern; in fact, are the oldest portions of the Hall and date from a period anterior to the part already described, formerly being the wings of an earlier house, and are of half-timber construction, having been re-faced about the eighteenth century, the interior showing massive oak beams, etc. The house is surrounded by a moat, now almost dry, and crossed by two old bridges.—A. M. HYDE-PINION.

[Another correspondent draws attention to the dormitory for servants at the top of the staircase tower, similar to that at Wythenshawe Hall. The contents, including a great number of family portraits, were sold circa 1815. Prior to this, a farmer was the occupant of the existing end, and seems to have used the woodwork for firewood, to the annoyance of the owner, the last Lord Alvanley, who visited the place before the sale. The corresponding wing to that shown disappeared between 1815 and 1866.—ED.]

SALT EFFLORESCENCE ON PLASTERING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The walls of some stable rooms were re-plastered some years ago, during my absence from home. I have been puzzled to find that these walls are always more or less wet—in damp weather very wet—and now discover that the sand used was from a tidal river. I should be grateful if you or any of your readers can tell me if there is any chemical treatment that would neutralise the effect of the salt in the plaster, or would the best course be to scrape the walls and re-plaster? At present the rooms are uninhabitable, as even the bedding gets damp.—DRAGON.

[It is feared that there is only one safe way to overcome defects due to salt in plastering

—that is, to hack off the plaster, induce any salt which may have soaked into the brickwork to come out by fires in the affected rooms, give the walls a wash of a weak acid solution, and re-plaster. A coating on the existing plaster with such a material as a silicate wash or Supercement might be effective, and if considerable expense is involved by the first-named treatment a trial of such an expedient might be made on a portion of the work affected. Is it certain that the dampness is not ordinary condensation on a smooth non-absorbent surface, such as hard plaster distempered with a washable distemper?—ED.]

A RAVEN'S ANTICS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the evolutions of a raven on the coast of Cornwall. If an intruder shows himself, the male bird immediately begins to chase all the birds within half a mile round the nest, and on reaching one of the limits of his beats he goes through a series of spinning dives and somersaults, which are performed with surprising agility.—E. G. WHITTALL.

ETON COLLEGE PLATE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send, as a supplement to your article on "Eton College Plate," a photograph of a recent gift which had not reached the Pantry at the time of your artist's visit. Three sugar sifters, the work of G. Rundle, date 1841, of unique and beautiful design, were given to the College on the 500th anniversary of Founder's Day by an ex-Eton master, grateful for benefits conferred by Eton on himself and his family for 150 years.—H. E. L.



SUGAR SIFTERS GIVEN TO ETON ON FOUNDER'S DAY.

ERNEST NEWTON

OF Mr. Ernest Newton, whose untimely death was announced last week, perhaps the truest and best thing one could say is, that he was a sound architect who knew, above all, how a country house should be planned and built so that it fulfilled the triple needs of being satisfying to the eye, weather-worthy, and exactly suited to the working requirements. He was, moreover, a pioneer in the redemption of English domestic architecture from the slough into which it had fallen after the last of the Gothicists had done their worst. When we cast back to the mid-Victorian period in which he started his career, and think of the houses that were then being erected, contrasting these with the work of our own day, we realise the betterment achieved; and the starting-point for this improved state of things was definitely Shaw and his enthusiastic band of pupils—Ernest Newton prominent among them. An easy criticism may fasten on certain mannerisms and oddities of their work, but this is trivial in relation to the main achievement—which was giving to English domestic architecture a new foundation and a new form.

For six years after his pupilage Mr. Newton worked as an assistant to Norman Shaw, and knowing as we do how strong was the latter's personality and how convincing his enthusiasm (Shaw deserving to be remembered more for what he inspired others to build than for what he himself carried out), it is natural to find Mr. Newton's early work very much after the manner of his master's. But soon after he set out on his own career the individualism of the man revealed itself. Thus, Fouracre at Winchfield, one of his early designs and one of his most pleasing in its directness, is of a character quite distinct from that which distinguishes the houses in the first of his two well known books. Later came a fresh essay, typified in Steep Hill, on high ground overlooking St. Heliers, and later still the many houses of the favoured E plan, with their characteristic semicircular porch in the centre of the garden front and lead-covered bays—Luckley, the house at Hambledon, those at Church Stretton and Malvern, and many others. No more than passing mention can be made of them here, so numerous were the buildings he carried out. Their total, in truth, exceeds a thousand, and they all bear clearly the hall-mark of their author. You cannot mistake an Ernest Newton house. He was, indeed, the inventor of the architect's small house as contrasted with the builder's which formerly prevailed. His happiest efforts are realised in the small country house. His largest, Arderun Place, is perhaps his least successful, and conveys

the moral that there is danger to an architect when expenditure is unlimited. To Mr. Newton, too, we owe a debt for his work towards the better education alike of architects and



FOURACRE, WINCHFIELD.



BRAND LODGE, MALVERN.



HOUSE AT HAMBLEDON.

the public, and also for his fostering of the crafts connected with building. He was closely identified with the formation of the Art Workers' Guild, which grew out of a society that held its meetings in his offices, and which came in due time to effect that revival of the crafts which has been so helpful, though it must be admitted that in recent years, while architecture has moved forward, the crafts in England have not advanced correspondingly.

Mr. Newton received the highest honours which his brother artists could accord him—he was a Royal Academician, he received the Royal Gold Medal, and was for three years president of the Institute—and, alike in his professional capacity and in the circle of his intimate friends was esteemed for his keen judgment, his poignant but kindly wit, and especially for the sanity of his outlook on architecture. A trenchant writer, too, when on rare occasions he set pen to paper, in illustration of which, as summarising his conception of what English houses of to-day should be, I would give the following excerpt from one of his papers: "I am inclined to think," he says, "that we use the farmhouse as a source of inspiration rather too indiscriminately. It is very sweet, very homely and very English, but it is not for universal application, and for people who live in a 'big way' it seems a little incongruous to find the dining-room with a kitchen chimney—complete almost to the hanging cooking-pot—a blunderbuss and a sampler hanging on the valanced shelf, and an oak settle from a village ale-house to sit on. There is, of course, a sentiment attaching to all this which is admirable in its way, but in a big man's house the whole thing is a little artificial. Possibly we may not approve of a grand manner of living, and this is our



LUCKLEY, WOKINGHAM: EAST CORRIDOR, LOOKING TOWARDS HALL.

little sermon on the vanity of would-be greatness; but it is our business to deal with life as it is, not as it might be. . . . An individual architecture, more or less archaeological, has no real vitality. It is at once the difficulty and the opportunity of the architect that he has to build as well as to dream. But art pursued under natural conditions and in a natural way will have both style and beauty, and while familiarity with construction will stimulate the imagination, imagination itself will open up fresh fields for construction." R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

ON THE GREEN

CHAMPIONSHIPS AND CHANGES.

THE ladies always seem to keep their light shining a little in front of the men's. While the men are only petitioning for a change of championship conditions the ladies have got two definite proposals to be voted on at the general meeting of the L.G.U. There is first a proposal emanating from Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Janet Jackson. This is that there should be three qualifying rounds of score play at the rate of one a day and that four players should qualify to play off by thirty-six hole matches. To this there is an official amendment proposing two qualifying rounds of score play, thirty-two players to qualify, and these to play off by eighteen-hole matches, except for the final of thirty-six holes. Now anything Miss Leitch says about ladies' golf must command great respect. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that her proposal is calculated to provide competitors with the minimum of pleasure and interest and the maximum of dreariness and agony. That it would make a very searching test and produce a worthy champion I do not doubt, but surely it would be a depressing business. To allow only four to qualify for the match play stage appears to be making match play take an altogether subservient position. If that is desirable, well and good; but then why not have seventy-two holes medal play and be done with it? Personally, I most sincerely hope the resolution will not be carried and that match play will continue to constitute, at any rate, the main part of the Ladies' Championship. That would be the case if the official amendment were carried, for I think any lady who had the remotest chance of being Champion would be, humanly speaking, certain to be among the qualified thirty-two.

MR. TOLLEY AND MR. HOLDERNESS.

Last Saturday I, metaphorically, resumed a wig and gown, cast off a great many years since, to play for the Bar Golfing Society against Oxford at Stoke Poges. It was a most enjoyable match, and it is a real delight to putt on the Stoke greens, which are extraordinarily good, while nearly all other greens are at the moment extraordinarily bad. One individual match dwarfed all the others, namely the single between Mr. Tolley and Mr. Holderness, for it was most dramatic and full of good golf. Mr. Holderness had been playing magnificently in the morning foursomes when he and I managed to beat Mr. Tolley and Mr. Cochran. He continued for some time in the same vein after lunch. He began with a really indecent three at that long first hole. Mr. Tolley counter-attacked with a three at the second, but then began to play some bad shots. Mr. Holderness went on

his way rejoicing, reached the turn in 34, wonderfully fine golf on the heavy ground, and was four up. He was still four up with seven to play and then he lost the match by 2 and 1. "It's no possible, but it's a fact," as Ben Sayers said when somebody, Mr. F. G. Tait, I think, trounced him over his own North Berwick. Mr. Tolley, of course, played splendid golf coming home, and had a four for a 34 when he won. He is very terrible when he is roused and a great "sticker." I think he had nothing over a four and he finally "snodded" his adversary with one of the finest imaginable threes at the seventeenth. Nevertheless, it would have seemed impossible that such a golfer as Mr. Holderness, playing such beautiful golf as he had been playing, could contrive to lose six holes in a row. What is the glorious uncertainty of cricket to that of golf?

"LIKE SNOW OFF A DYKE."

Everybody knows that there is nothing so fatally easy as to lose one's grip of oneself and one's game, when an apparently winning lead begins to melt away. Nevertheless, when it happens, not to oneself but to somebody else, one is always freshly amazed. In the recent matches in which the University sides have been playing, there have been some striking instances of this phenomenon. I have just described one such match, but it is hardly as remarkable as that between Mr. Gillies and Mr. Goadby of Cambridge at Worplesdon on the very same day. Mr. Goadby was six up at the eighth hole. Mr. Gillies won the ninth and was in the cheerful position of five down at the turn. He halved the tenth and then won every hole till he won the match. In another match between Cambridge and Worplesdon, played about three weeks ago, there was a whole crop of minor phenomena of the same kind. Mr. Aitken, three down with three to play, finished in 2, 4, 4, and halved with Mr. Ricardo. Mr. Longbourne, three down with six to go against Mr. Tooth, made himself dormy one and then lost the last hole, and I myself had the outrageous luck to be four down at the turn to Mr. Bott and then to win by 2 and 1. When once the landslide of holes begins there seems no limit to possibilities. No nerves are quite proof in such a case. The experienced golfer is, I suppose, better able to resist than the inexperienced, and yet I am not sure. We all know the legend of "W.G.'s" answer to the young man who declared he had never made a "duck": "Then last is your place. You can't have played much cricket." Now the more golf one has played the more often has one had this horrid experience, and he is, indeed, a blessedly unimaginative person, who, when the holes begin to slip, does not recall some previous instance in his own history.

BERNARD DARWIN.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD IN RACING

PEEPS INTO THE MINDS OF OWNERS.

FOR the Derby of next year, that is 1923, the entries closed as long ago as early in last November, and this is the first opportunity that has offered for taking a passing glance at them. Entries for the classic races, made when the horses are yearlings, must ever be a subject of much interest, since they throw some light on the trend of breeding and undoubtedly indicate what is in the minds of owners and trainers as to their most promising young stock. For naturally every care is taken to put in what is regarded as the best at the time of entry, and, of course, the "small" owners are tempted to take a chance.

Just think, for instance, what an enormous chance it is and then it is not difficult to understand why there should be as many as 355 entries for the Derby and 257 for the Oaks, while the St. Leger has attracted no fewer than 351. An owner may make an entry for £5, but his liability is at once increased to £25 should he decide to leave in the animal after the last Tuesday in this coming March. Then the full fee of £50 is incurred if there be no declaration of forfeit a full year hence. The prize in 1923 should be worth a clear £8,000 or more to the winner, so that an owner is getting very fair odds to his £50. Then, of course, the owner realises that he has got distinctly a promising two or three year old, which should win races even though the greatest of all prizes be missed, and apart from actual money won on the day there is the chance of securing that immensely high commercial value which at once attaches itself to a modern classic winner, especially the victor of the Derby.

It is not a little singular to note that the heaviest contributor to the Derby of 1923 is the American owner, Mr. A. K. Macomber, who races on such a big and elaborate scale in France. He has put in fifteen, all colts, bred, I suppose, at his big stud, which, I believe, he took over from the executors of the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. His jockey, Frank O'Neill, who won the Derby two years ago on Spion Kop and is now again wintering at St. Moritz, tells me that the stable is just as big as ever and there are big hopes of its future. All the fifteen colts have been given names already, and good ones too, but their breeding is not familiar to English readers. The next biggest contributor is Mr. Sol Joel, who must almost be embarrassed with the numbers of his sires, mares and young stock. It was natural that he should enter lavishly, especially as he must regret that Sicyon was left out of this year's Derby. There is an idea that this big colt will not stay and, of course, his conformation is peculiarly unsuited to Epsom, but, nevertheless, I am sure Mr. Joel would wish that he were in the race. Of the dozen—all also are neatly named in this instance—four are by Pommern, four by the champion Polymelus, and the others by Sunder, Sunstar and Long Set.

Mr. Jack Joel's eight are colts with one exception, all requiring names. The exception is a filly by Polymelus from Princess Dorrie, exquisite breeding when we bear in mind the world fame of the sire and the fact that the mare was an Oaks winner that sooner or later is certain to throw a really high-class one. The chestnut colt by The Tetrarch from Jest must, of course, be a half-brother to ill-fated Humorist, and I understand that he is a great big fellow already that might be anything—or nothing! The colt from Absurdity (dam of Black Jester and Jest) is by Sunspot, a rather undersized, but perfectly shaped, horse that is getting extraordinarily good-looking stock.

I find it most interesting to note the entries made on behalf of His Highness the Aza Khan and the Bombay Hindu owner, Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass, who is forbidden by his caste regulations to make the journey to England or to any country which involves a voyage. It will be recalled that the Hon. George Lambton created some stir last year by paying big prices, aggregating many thousands of guineas, for yearling fillies, and it was then given out that he was acting for the Aza Khan, who was proposing to race in England and in France, in which latter country a breeding stud was to be established forthwith. I have written of these fillies before, and certainly if success can possibly be won from breeding and shapeliness, then much may be looked for in the cases of such as Teresina, by Tracery from Blue Tit (the dam of Blue Dun and Westward Ho!); Eagle Snipe, by White Eagle from Snoot (the dam of Caligula); Tiara, by Flying Orb from Donnetta (the dam of Diadem), etc. Of course, they are all entered in the Oaks.

The Bombay owner's keenness to race in England probably dated from that sensational and very fortunate purchase of the

grey Tetrarch horse, Caligula, just prior to winning the St. Leger. His ten entries are all splendidly bred, and perhaps their outstanding weakness is that six of them are fillies, which, almost needless to say, find a place in the entry for the Oaks. Three of the ten are by Sunstar, and one each by The Tetrarch, Tracery, Polymelus and Son-in-Law. It is almost unnecessary to add that they represent a big outlay by their present owner, whose trainer, Mr. Crawford, late a veterinary surgeon of Bombay, is to have gallops this year at Ogbourne, near Marlborough.

From time to time since he has been at the stud I have had glowing accounts of Phalaris, owned by Lord Derby. His foals were said to be wonderfully promising, and it is to be noted that four of half a dozen entered in Lord Derby's name for this Derby are by the horse mentioned. One is from Ferry, the mare that caused such a surprise by winning the One Thousand Guineas during the war. Lord Glanely has only half a dozen in, Sir James Buchanan the same number, Mr. James de Rothschild seven, and Mr. James White eight. The best of Lord Glanely's may be a brown colt by Polymelus from Joie de Vivre, for he is a half-brother to the high-class but unfortunate Alan Breck. The sires of Mr. White's five colts and three fillies are Pommern, Polymelus, Swynford, Gay Crusader, Sunder, Corcyra and Royal Canopy, the latter, it is said, being a Roi Herode horse of exceptional promise. Other features of the entry are that the Duke of Westminster is again well represented after a long period, during which his support of racing has been only tardy; that Mr. Joseph Watson (Lord Manton) has put in five; that Lord Astor's three include a full brother to Buchan, being by Sunstar from Hamoaze; and that three entries have been made on behalf of His Majesty. Major McCalmont's two are both Tetrarchs, Mr. J. Musker's five all Grosvenors, Lord Carnarvon's three all Voltas, while the survey will be fairly complete if I note that Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen has put in a full brother to the notorious Panther in the colt by Tracery from Countess Zia.

The Oaks entry includes practically all the known choice bred fillies of the day, including, of course, many of those we saw sold at Doncaster and Newmarket. Thus the Aza Khan has nine to his name, all trained by Mr. R. C. Dawson near Wantage, and Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass half a dozen. Oddly enough, these two representatives of the Orient are the largest individual entrants. Sir Edward Hulton, Mr. J. B. Joel and Mr. James White have each put in five, but Mr. Macomber and Mr. Sol Joel, who have patronised the Derby so extensively, are content in this instance with two and three respectively. One is struck with the fillies from Sir Edward Hulton's best known mares. Thus Fifinella, which won both the New Derby and New Oaks at Newmarket in 1916, is the dam of Felina, by Swynford, and from that famous mare Silver Fowl (dam of Silver Tag, Fifinella, Silvern and others) there is Scrumptious, by Stornoway. Shrove is by Pommern from Silver Tag, and then there are Joyzelle, by White Eagle from Jongleuse, the dam, if I remember rightly, of Torloisk, and Wheedle, by Sunstar from Waiontha, the dam of a once promising colt that Stanley Wootton had in training at Epsom. Mr. Marshall Field, who came on the scene last year with a great flourish as the owner of the crack two year old Golden Corn, has entered three expensive purchases, including Torlisten, by Torloisk from Loyal Cheer, and bred by Captain Arthur Boyd Rochfort, V.C., and probably the best-looking filly sold last year.

PHILIPPOS.

H.M. Queen Alexandra has extended her gracious patronage to the special *matinée* in aid of the Fulham Babies' Hospital, which will be held on Tuesday, February 14th, at the Aldwych Theatre, Strand, W.C.2. Tickets can be obtained from Miss Mansel, 6, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, and from the Aldwych Theatre.

This is the time of the year when the gardener, whether professional or amateur, spends many an evening at the fireside, deaf to the wind and rain outside, and sees in his dreams flower gardens full of nodding beauties throwing their sweet scents afar on the summer air, or rows of peas or beans, cabbages or lettuces all in their crispest and greenest perfection. Towards making his dreams come true the gardener can have no better assistant than "Pennell's Garden Guide for 1922," which may be obtained post free from Messrs. Pennell and Sons, Seed Experts, Lincoln, by any reader of COUNTRY LIFE. It is an extraordinarily well illustrated production of its kind, the coloured plates of Pennell's new selection of long-spurred hybrid aquilegias and of types of Canterbury bells and also that of Pennell's imperial strain *salpiglossis* being charming pictures, as well as veracious reproductions of some of the most delightful flowers one can grow from seed.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ROUS LENCH AND INGMIRE HALL

BY one of those coincidences, which are only possible because of the extraordinary richness of this country in properties of great historical interest, it happens this week that there is a community of ancient association between two or three of the excellent houses mentioned as being now in the market. The two principal seats referred to to-day, Rous Lench Court and Ingmire Hall, were respectively strongholds of the opposing Parliamentarians and Royalists, and the former has, like Comarques, Mr. Arnold Bennett's Essex home, a history of ecclesiastical ownership.

In all England there is no topiary work or wealth of yews to surpass that at the Worcestershire estate of Rous Lench Court. There are also few houses of a greater charm both in an architectural and an antiquarian sense.

Part of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" was penned at Rous Lench Court, while Richard Baxter was on one of his two visits to Sir Thomas Rous. Judge Jeffreys told Baxter that his catalogued works, 168 in all, were "enough to load a cart." Of them only the book just named, and published in 1650, is remembered, if we except, possibly, "A Call to the Unconverted." In due course we may be told of a house in the market where the latter was written. Those who value Baxter's associations with the Worcestershire seat know that Oliver Cromwell stayed there a few hours before the Battle of Worcester. His stay must have been brief, for, three days before the eventful September 3rd, 1651, we find him dating his letters from Stratford-on-Avon; the one "For the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England," reporting the result of the Worcester struggle, is dated from "near Worcester." The Rous family were his chief supporters in the district, and nearly ruined themselves in the Parliamentarians' cause.

Rous Lench Court (illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE, September 16th, 1899, page 336), belonged to the See of Worcester before the Norman Conquest, and was consequently called Biscopelencz, or Bishop's Lench. It takes its present name from a noted family that formerly owned it. Church Lench, Ab Lench or Hoblench, Atch Lench, and Shrevelench, "dancing" Marston, "piping" Pebworth, and other villages that Shakespeare must have known, and noteworthy places like Cleve Prior, are in the near neighbourhood.

The house is of true Old English character, though not the first to have been built on the estate, for the site of the original house is seen in a moated enclosure in the park. In the first house King Edward III was entertained by the Lenches, a family which suffered severely in the Wars of the Roses, and from them the estate passed to the Rous family, whose seat had been at Ragley. A Rous planned and built the present half-timbered house in Early Tudor days, and both house and gardens are still substantially as the first of the Rous family knew them, except that intervening centuries have added wondrously to the richness of the gardens, and given the yews their present notability. When Sir Thomas Rous died, in 1721, the estate devolved by the female line to other families, and, coming to 1876, we find that Sir Charles Henry Rouse-Broughton sold it to the Rev. W. K. W. Chafy, then the owner of Sheriff's Lench. Thus the Lenches were re-united for the first time since the days of William de Beauchamp, who held them just after the Norman Conquest.

Rous Lench has rightly been called a manorial domain to be very proud of. The oldest part of the house faces what is now a public road, and it is entered by a quaint old gateway beneath what was no doubt the squire's own room. The great hall is opposite the entrance, and, beyond the first quadrangle, a second seems to have existed. It was evidently at one time an exceptionally large residence.

Owing to the steepness of the slope on which the property stands, the grounds were laid out in as many as ten terraces, with mossy flights of steps, beautiful terrace walls, and wonderful hedges of yew, enclosing delightful gardens and lawns. We know nothing to surpass the charm of the yew arbour where the pleacher and cutter of the yew has never done more satisfactory work than that which we see as we look up the long flights, through the "tunnel." Without detracting from the

admitted perfection of the house, we may agree with Nash that "The true glory of this place is, indeed, in its ancient gardens." In the beautifully illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE, in 1899, the writer does not even except Haddon in praising Rous Lench Court's yew avenue, as, perhaps, the noblest in England. It was planted in 1480.

The vendor is Mr. H. E. Chafy, and the estate is for sale, as a whole or in part, that is, either with 565 acres or 2,340 acres, with the half-timbered, beamed and finely panelled mansion, and a number of the fertile farms for which the Vale of Evesham is famous. Messrs. Norfolk and Prior are the sole agents. A delightful little picture of Rous Lench, showing the house and the top terrace, appeared in COUNTRY LIFE Supplement, of January 21st (page xvi).

A ROYALIST STRONGHOLD.

THE ancestral home of John Otway, the celebrated Royalist, Ingmire Hall, lies on the very edge of the West Riding of Yorkshire, close to where the main road and the railway wind northwards from Sedburgh into Westmorland, through the wildly mountainous country up to the Border. Major John H. Upton has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell 8,000 acres of Ingmire Hall estate. It includes a sixteenth century castellated manor house, grazing farms, and grouse moors on Howgill and Cautley Fells. The pheasant shooting is good, and there is trout and salmon fishing in the rivers Lune and Rawthey, which bound and intersect the property. Ingmire has been in the hands of the vendor's family for centuries. John Otway, according to the register of the school in Sedburgh, after ejection from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1643 for refusing the oath and covenant, joined the King's forces and "did not show less courage in the field than he had in the University." He helped Charles II as well and received a knighthood from him.

Boulter's Lock is only five minutes from Treverci, a house having some of the prettiest gardens in Maidenhead, and now for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are also shortly to offer Thickthorn, Kenilworth, 210 acres, for Miss Dora Schintz, with the Tudor residence and two smaller houses. Oakfield, near Chester, is in their hands; also Hadleigh, Farnham Common, close to Burnham Beeches and Stoke Poges and Burnham Golf Links.

The trustees of the late Hon. Albert Hood have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Upham, Bishops Waltham, nearly 1,000 acres, including Upham House. Captain J. M. Naylor has decided to sell outlying portions of Leighton Hall and Nant Cribau estates, Montgomeryshire. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have already sold several holdings to the tenants and will offer the remaining 600 acres at Welshpool next month. They will, to-day at Peterborough, submit 1,700 acres of Fen farms, known as Conington and Higney.

Dinton Vicarage, near Aylesbury, 30 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith. Gaston Grange, 110 acres, at Bentworth, near Alton, and 338 acres adjoining, with the old Manor Lodge, and a small holding of 24 acres, have been sold by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners. Gaston Grange was bought by a client of Messrs. Dibblin and Smith.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S HOUSE.

THE most interesting fact concerning Comarques, an Early Georgian house at Thorpe-le-Soken, near Frinton, on the Essex coast, is that it is the home of Mr. Arnold Bennett. In the beautiful old house he has written many plays and novels, and the fruit of much appreciation of the place and a lavish outlay of money in improvements is seen there, and awaits the buyer who may be lucky enough to succeed Mr. Arnold Bennett in the ownership of the estate of just over 100 acres. Electric light and central heating are installed, and there are three bathrooms to the eleven bedrooms. Comarques is a dignified residence, as anyone may see for himself by referring to the view of it, given in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE on January 16th. Messrs. Braby and Waller, of

Arundel Street, Strand, are the solicitors who are to negotiate a sale of Comarques.

The writer of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE, dealing with a certain residential property now for sale by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, rather apologetically admitted it to one of the well known categories in these columns, seeing that the acreage, for one thing, 265 or 720 acres, was alone enough to make it difficult to include it as one of the "Lesser Country Houses." It was designed by Mr. Philip Webb, and exhibited the same richness of decorative work which distinguished the effort he made for his lifelong friend, William Morris, for whom he designed The Red House. The land is in a first-rate sporting district, less than an hour from town. For the name of the property we are asked to refer enquirers to the Mount Street firm.

NO MORE LIGHTHOUSES FOR SALE.

TRINITY HOUSE authorities have no more lighthouses to sell at the moment. The two East Anglian lights that have recently become unnecessary have found buyers at excellent prices, in view of the fact that, in one case at least, the buyer will have to re-roof the tower after the lantern and plant have been removed. A London buyer secured Winterton Lighthouse, a few days ago under the hammer, for £1,550, with five acres of gardens and pasture and some serviceable buildings. Winterton tower is 70ft. in height and was built eighty years ago. It is to become a summer residence. The Hunstanton Lighthouse, built about the same period, recently realised £1,300.

BOX HILL SITES.

IN connexion with the purchase by Miss Warburg for presentation to the public, of 70 acres of Box Hill, Mr. W. Hurst Flint (Messrs. Humbert and Flint), agent for the owner, Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, announces that any further offers to buy parts of the Box Hill portion of the Hope settled estates will have most favourable consideration by the trustees. Mr. Flint's firm offered about 2,100 acres of the estate last year, as announced in COUNTRY LIFE of April 9th 1921. It included 250 acres of Box Hill. "How to Complete Box Hill" was the title of an article, by "P. A. G.," in these columns of June 12th, 1920. Two very strongly contrasted characters are associated with Box Hill—Becket and Bunyan. The pilgrims to the former's shrine used to pass along the hill, and the latter is said to have worked as a tinker in the district.

Owing to the heavy burdens on land-ownership, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell of Pollok, has intimated that he must shut up his mansion for a year from next May, and he will reside in Glasgow.

Weybrook Cottage, Sherborne St. John, Basingstoke, an old-fashioned residence, with garage, has been sold by Messrs. Harding and Harding. The firm has recently disposed of the residential property, Badingham, Winchester, which adjoins the Royal Winchester Croquet and Tennis Club.

Messrs. Fox and Sons report the sale, since the beginning of the year, of two residences at Boscombe; and of Cranmere and Chester Lodge, Chester Road, Branksome Park; a freehold residence near the sea at Boscombe; and building land on Boscombe Manor and Talbot Woods estates. The purchase money amounted to £21,375.

Messrs. Chancellors have resold a river-side property, almost adjoining Richmond Bridge, known as The Mansion estate, Twickenham Park, having an area of about 10 acres. West End Farm, Melksham has been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, about 86 acres of grassland.

"METRO-LAND" SALES.

MR. HENRY GIBSON informs us that, during the past year, in the three estates controlled from Baker Street Station, comprising the Metropolitan Railway Surplus Lands, Metropolitan Railway Country Estates, and Wembley Park Estate, the total sales amounted to £199,568, made up as follows: Land, £84,048; houses, £86,302; ground rents, £4,468; and shops and business premises, £24,750. ARBITER.